WITHDRAWN

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/americanfolkfairy0000rach

AMERICAN FOLK and FAIRY TALES

Selected by RACHEL FIELD

With drawings by MARGARET FREEMAN

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK · LONDON

CHILD LITERATURE COLLECTION

DELTA COLLEGE LIBRARY

COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS; RENEWAL COPYRIGHT 1957
ARTHUR S. PEDERSON.
N-3.60[V]
Printed in the United States of America

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without the permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

Child. Lit.
PZ
8.1
F462Am

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For the use of the copyrighted material in "American Folk and Fairy Tales," all rights in which are reserved by the holders of the copyrights, permission has been obtained from the following publishers and authors:

"Miss Cow Falls a Victim to Mr. Rabbit" and "Jacky-My-Lantern" from "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings," by permission of D. Appleton and Company, publishers. Copyright, 1908, 1921, by Esther La Rose Harris.

"Brother Rabbit and the Mosquitoes" from "Nights with Uncle Remus," copyright, 1911, by Esther La Rose Harris, and "The Man and His Boots" from "Uncle Remus and His Friends," by Joel Chandler Harris, copyright, 1920, by Esther La Rose Harris, by permission of and arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

"Tall Tales of the Kentucky Mountains," by Percy MacKaye. Copyright, 1926, by Percy MacKaye, and reprinted by special permission of Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., publishers.

"The Winter of the Blue Snow" and "The Old Home Camp" from "Paul Bunyan," by James Stevens, by and with permission of and special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers. Copyright, 1925, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

"Compair Taureau and Jean Malin" and "Compair Lapin and Madame Carencro," reprinted from "Louisiana Folk Tales," by Alcée Fortier, by permission of Mrs. Alcée Fortier.

"Big Music" from "Up Eel River," by Margaret Prescott Montague. Published and copyrighted, 1928, by The Macmillan Company.

"Falling Star," by George Bird Grinnell, from *The Journal of American Folklore.*

PREFACE

THINKING this book and its contents over the other night I was struck by the curious resemblance it bears to the patchwork quilts our great-grandmothers and other people's great-grandmothers pieced together out of odd bits of left-over cloth in the long evenings before there were movies or motors or radios for distraction. Some of the squares were worked into elaborate patterns with names like "Rose of Sharon," "Log Cabin," "Rising Sun" and a score beside. Others were just a haphazard riot of light and dark, bright or sober or figured bits as the case might be,—the crazy-quilt, which is somehow the one we think of first whenever we think of patchwork. There is still pink on the calico roses that belonged to some dress or shawl or apron forgotten most likely years ago. That is how it is with these tales. For the most part no one can say who told them first. They too were pieced together before open fires or by cabin doors on summer nights when honeysuckle was sweet to smell and moonlight made white patches on grass

and water. And just as some obliging neighbor would contribute a bit of this or that from her piece bag to help work out another's pattern, so when stories went about from mouth to mouth this or that incident or saying, or even phrase would be added, till the whole grew into something quite different from its simple beginning. One can almost see where the parts were added sometimes. Again, they are so cunningly blended it is impossible to tell how all the different bits of experience and wisdom, of sly wit or shrewd philosophy came to be fitted so naturally into the tale.

At any rate, here they are, and though occasionally one may bear an imprint of some story that had its beginning across the sea in England or Africa or France, perhaps, still for the most part they are genuinely American in feeling and expression. The trees, the hills, the waters they picture are our own; the animals are the kind we meet in woods or fields, the people talk as the people we know talk. Not all, of course, for if we have never been to the cotton-fields of Uncle Remus' country, it takes some time to accustom our ears to the sound of his particular drawl. The southerner who finds this talk as easy as rolling off a log will be puzzled, it may be, by the words of Paul Bunyan, the north woods' giant, or Tony Beaver, his

West Virginia rival. It may be difficult for some to make out what Godsy means at the start of "The Mule Humans," but once the story gets under way, we forget differences of dialect in the sheer fun and spirit of the thing, and when we are through we have a whole series of new words and pictures to turn over in our minds. It is like tasting a new apple brought carefully in some one's pocket from a far orchard. The flavor haunts us long after we are through.

And so with these tales. Whether they have been gathered by Mr. MacKaye from the Kentucky mountains, by Mr. Stevens in north woods' lumber camps, by Miss Montague's research in West Virginia, or if they have come down to us from plantation chroniclers like Joel Chandler Harris, or if they are the products of minds like Irving and Hawthorne elaborating some old folk-lore fragment, or again if they happen to be Indian legends phrased in almost the exact words that have been spoken round camp-fires since long before the coming of white men,—I think there is not one of them that could have been told or written anywhere else in the world. Even the tale of "Compair Taureau and Jean Malin," which has a French feeling and is phrased in Creole dialect, makes mention of the year snow fell on peach trees in full

bloom and tells of everyday things that could have been in no other spot but Louisiana.

This group is by no means arranged in exact chronological order, nor is it, perhaps, representative of the country as a whole. That would be almost impossible since our country is so mixed in nationality, so variously populated and under such different times and conditions. One must simply take these folk tales wherever one can find them and be grateful that they have somehow managed to survive in spite of industrialism and mass production. To gather a few of them together is all that I have tried to do. It has not been easy and many stories have been rejected because on second reading the flavor did not seem genuinely American, the story itself not quite measuring up to the best standards of folk-lore.

I myself hardly know how to say just what these standards are. It is such a wide field, and so varied. Yet there is this about all folk and fairy tales,—they must possess a certain frankness and simplicity of idea. They must be direct and unhurried, yet also swift of action and salted and peppered liberally with talk and sayings,—the sort of racy, shrewd, humorous sayings we do not forget as we forget those of ten out of the dozen books we may read. Then, too,

it seems to me there is always an element of the supernatural, or at least of the impossible in all folk-lore. Tony Beaver and his "Big Music" can set every living thing dancing, even the fence rails dance because they were once alive. Paul Bunyan and Babe, his Blue Ox, thought nothing of moving a mountain or two out of the way to set up a saw-mill. Indians stole the Springtime as easily as if it had been another's moccasin. This, I think more than any other element, makes folk-lore, this power of taking something we all know,—a gourd, a pebble, the new moon or an orange pumpkin and giving it power and spirit. Perhaps this is the reason, too, that our folk-lore is more meagre than, say, that of Ireland or Wales. As a rule we are apt to be too preoccupied building up cities and industries to take time for this sort of thing. There are almost no folk tales of New England. I suppose the early settler was too busy and practical minded. Or perhaps it was not in his nature to spin such tales. No one knows the reason of it really, one can only point to what one has been able to discover. But it seems significant that much of the best material comes from Africa, by way of the Negro story teller; and that the Indian is responsible for the other and largest part.

My thanks are due to all the authors whose stories

are included here, and whose research and experience have made this collection possible; to Mrs. Cammie Garrett Henry of Melrose, Louisiana, for her help in procuring material from Louisiana and Texas, and to various contributors to *The Journal of American Folk-lore.*

RACHEL FIELD.

NEW YORK, May 22d, 1929

CONTENTS

INDIAN LEGENDS

		PAGE
WHY THE CHIPMUNK'S BACK IS STRIPED	FRANK B. LINDERMAN	3
FALLING STAR	GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL	13
STEALING THE SPRINGTIME	FRANK B. LINDERMAN	32
OLD-MAN AND THE THUNDER-BIRDS	FRANK B. LINDERMAN	40
ORIGIN OF THE MEDICINE PIPE	GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL	55
WHY THE WEASEL IS WHITE	FRANK B. LINDERMAN	62
THE BOY AND HIS SISTER (*Journal of American Folklore*)		71
RIP VAN WINKLE	WASHINGTON IRVING	77

NEGRO STORIES

MISS COW FALLS A VICTIM TO MR. RABBIT	JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS	111
BROTHER RABBIT AND THE MOSQUITOES	JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS	118
THE MAN AND HIS BOOTS	JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS	130
JACKY-MY-LANTERN	JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS	137

LOUISIANA FOLK TALES

Compair Taureau and Jean Malin	alcée fortier	147
Compair Lapin and Madame Carencro	alcée fortier	154
The Great Stone Face	nathaniel hawthorne	159

TONY BEAVER

Big Music	margaret prescott montague	197

PAUL BUNYAN STORIES

The Winter of the Blue Snow	james stevens	225
The Old Home Camp	james stevens	250

SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN STORIES

The Mule-Humans	percy mackaye	275
The Hick'ry Pick-Tooth	percy mackaye	287
Old Gally Mander	(*Journal of American Folklore*)	295

INDIAN LEGENDS

WHY THE CHIPMUNK'S BACK IS STRIPED

FRANK B. LINDERMAN

WHAT a splendid lodge it was, and how grand War Eagle looked leaning against his back-rest in the fire-light! From the tripod that supported the back-rest were suspended his weapons and his medicine-bundle, each showing the wonderful skill of the maker. The quiver that held the arrows was combined with a case for the bow, and colored quills of the porcupine had been deftly used to make it a thing of beauty. All

about the lodge hung the strangely painted linings, and the firelight added richness to both color and design. War Eagle's hair was white, for he had known many snows; but his eyes were keen and bright as a boy's, as he gazed in pride at his grandchildren across the lodge-fire. He was wise, and had been in many battles, for his was a warlike tribe. He knew all about the world and the people in it. He was deeply religious and every Indian child loved him for his goodness and brave deeds.

About the fire were Little Buffalo Calf, a boy of eleven years; Eyes-in-the-Water, his sister, a girl of nine; Fine Bow, a cousin of these, aged ten, and Bluebird, his sister, who was but eight years old.

Not a sound did the children make while the old warrior filled his great pipe, and only the snapping of the lodge-fire broke the stillness. Solemnly War Eagle lit the tobacco that had been mixed with the dried inner bark of the red willow, and for several minutes smoked in silence, while the children's eyes grew large with expectancy. Finally he spoke:

"Napa, *Old*-man, is very old indeed. He made this world, and all that is on it. He came out of the south, and travelled toward the north, making the birds and animals as he passed. He made the perfumes for the winds to carry about, and he even made the war-paint

for the people to use. He was a busy worker, but a great liar and thief, as I shall show you after I have told you more about him. It was *Old*-man who taught the beaver all his cunning. It was *Old*-man who told the bear to go to sleep when the snow grew deep in winter, and it was he who made the curlew's bill so long and crooked, although it was not that way at first. *Old*-man used to live on this world with the animals and birds. There was no other man or woman then, and he was chief over all the animal-people and the bird-people. He could speak the language of the robin, knew the words of the bear, and understood the sign-talk of the beaver, too. He lived with the wolves, for they are the great hunters. Even to-day we make the same sign for a smart man as we make for the wolf; so you see he taught them much while he lived with them. *Old*-man made a great many mistakes in making things, as I shall show you after a while; yet he worked until he had everything good. But he often made great mischief and taught many wicked things. These I shall tell you about some day. Everybody was afraid of *Old*-man and his tricks and lies—even the animal-people, before he made men and women. He used to visit the lodges of our people and make trouble long ago, but he got so wicked that Manitou grew angry at him, and one day in the month of roses, he

built a lodge for *Old*-man and told him that he must stay in it forever. Of course he had to do that, and nobody knows where the lodge was built, nor in what country, but that is why we never see him as our grandfathers did, long, long ago.

"What I shall tell you now happened when the world was young. It was a fine summer day, and *Old*-man was travelling in the forest. He was going north and straight as an arrow—looking at nothing, hearing nothing. No one knows what he was after, to this day. The birds and forest-people spoke politely to him as he passed but he answered none of them. The Pine-squirrel, who is always trying to find out other people's business, asked him where he was going, but *Old*-man wouldn't tell him. The woodpecker hammered on a dead tree to make him look that way, but he wouldn't. The Elk-people and the Deer-people saw him pass, and all said that he must be up to some mischief or he would stop and talk a while. The pine-trees murmured, and the bushes whispered their greeting, but he kept his eyes straight ahead and went on travelling.

"The sun was low when *Old*-man heard a groan" (here War Eagle groaned to show the children how it sounded), "and turning about he saw a warrior lying bruised and bleeding near a spring of cold water. *Old*-

man knelt beside the man and asked: 'Is there war in this country?'

" 'Yes,' answered the man. 'This whole day long we have fought to kill a Person, but we have all been killed, I am afraid.'

" 'That is strange,' said *Old*-man; 'how can one Person kill so many men? Who is this Person, tell me his name!' but the man didn't answer—he was dead. When *Old*-man saw that life had left the wounded man, he drank from the spring, and went on toward the north, but before long he heard a noise as of men fighting, and he stopped to look and listen. Finally he saw the bushes bend and sway near a creek that flowed through the forest. He crawled toward the spot, and peering through the brush saw a great Person near a pile of dead men, with his back against a pine-tree. The Person was full of arrows, and he was pulling them from his ugly body. Calmly the Person broke the shafts of the arrows, tossed them aside, and stopped the blood flow with a brush of his hairy hand. His head was large and fierce-looking, and his eyes were small and wicked. His great body was larger than that of a buffalo-bull and covered with scars of many battles.

"*Old*-man went to the creek, and with his buffalo-

horn cup brought some water to the Person, asking as he approached:

" 'Who are you, Person? Tell me, so I can make you a fine present, for you are great in war.'

" 'I am Bad Sickness,' replied the Person. 'Tribes I have met remember me and always will, for their bravest warriors are afraid when I make war upon them. I come in the night or I visit their camps in daylight. It is always the same; they are frightened and I kill them easily.'

" 'Ho!' said *Old*-man, 'tell me how to make Bad Sickness, for I often go to war myself.' He lied; for he was never in a battle in his life. The Person shook his ugly head and then *Old*-man said:

" 'If you will tell me how to make Bad Sickness I will make you small and handsome. When you are big, as you now are, it is very hard to make a living; but when you are small, little food will make you fat. Your living will be easy because I will make your food grow everywhere.'

" 'Good,' said the Person, 'I will do it; you must kill the fawns of the deer and the calves of the elk when they first begin to live. When you have killed enough of them you must make a robe of their skins. Whenever you wear that robe and sing—"Now you

sicken, now you sicken," the sickness will come—that is all there is to it.'

" 'Good,' said *Old*-man, 'now lie down to sleep and I will do as I promised.'

"The Person went to sleep and *Old*-man breathed upon him until he grew so tiny that he laughed to see how small he had made him. Then he took out his paint sack and striped the Person's back with black and yellow. It looked bright and handsome and he waked the Person, who was now a tiny animal with a busy tail to make him pretty.

" 'Now,' said *Old*-man, 'you are the Chipmunk, and must always wear those striped clothes. All of your children and their children, must wear them, too.'

"After the Chipmunk had looked at himself, and thanked *Old*-man for his new clothes, he wanted to know how he could make his living, and *Old*-man told him what to eat, and said he must cache the pine-nuts when the leaves turned yellow, so he would not have to work in the winter time.

" 'You are a cousin to the Pine-squirrel,' said *Old*-man, 'and you will hunt and hide as he does. You will be spry and your living will be easy to make if you do as I have told you.'

"He taught the Chipmunk his language and his

signs, showed him where to live, and then left him, going on toward the north again. He kept looking for the cow-elk and doe-deer, and it was not long before he had killed enough of their young to make the robe as the Person told him, for they were plentiful before the white man came to live on the world. He found a shady place near a creek, and there made the robe that would make Bad Sickness whenever he sang the queer song, but the robe was plain, and brown in color. He didn't like the looks of it. Suddenly he thought how nice the back of the Chipmunk looked after he had striped it with his paints. He got out his old paint sack and with the same colors made the robe look very much like the clothes of the Chipmunk. He was proud of the work, and liked the new robe better; but being lazy, he wanted to save himself work, so he sent the South-wind to tell all the doe-deer and the cow-elk to come to him. They came as soon as they received the message, for they were afraid of *Old*-man and always tried to please him. When they had all reached the place where *Old*-man was he said to them:

" 'Do you see this robe?'

" 'Yes, we see it,' they replied.

" 'Well, I have made it from the skins of your children, and then painted it to look like the Chipmunk's back, for I like the looks of that Person's clothes. I

shall need many more of these robes during my life; and every time I make one, I don't want to have to spend my time painting it; so from now on and forever your children shall be born in spotted clothes. I want it to be that way to save me work. On all the fawns there must be spots of white like this (here he pointed to the spots on Bad Sickness's robe) and on all of the elk-calves the spots shall not be so white and shall be in rows and look rather yellow.' Again he showed them his robe, that they might see just what he wanted.

" 'Remember,' he said, 'after this I don't want to see any of your children running about wearing plain clothing, because that would mean more painting for me. Now go away, and remember what I have said, lest I make you sick.'

"The cow-elk and the doe-deer were glad to know that their children's clothes would be beautiful, and they went away to their little ones who were hidden in the tall grass, where the wolves and mountain-lions would have a hard time finding them; for you know that in the tracks of the fawn there is no scent, and the wolf cannot trail him when he is alone. That is the way Manitou takes care of the weak, and all of the forest-people know about it, too.

"Now you know why the Chipmunk's back is

striped, and why the fawn and elk-calf wear their pretty clothes.

"I hear the owls, and it is time for all young men who will some day be great warriors to go to bed, and for all young women to seek rest, lest beauty go away forever. Ho!"

FALLING–STAR*

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

Once, a long time ago, two girls were lying outside the lodge at night. They were looking up at the

*This story was taken down many years ago from the lips of White-Bull (Hotúa Whoko mas), a Northern Cheyenne, who was born in the South in 1837, and died on the Tongue River Agency, Mont., July 10, 1921. White-Bull's first name was Ice, the name also of his grandfather, a famous warrior who took part in the attack on the Crow camp about 1820; and under this name, with another Cheyenne, Dark, he professed in the year 1857 to have devised a medicine which would render harmless the bullets of the white troops under Col. E. V. Sumner in the campaign of that year in Kansas. In the fight the troops did not use their guns, but charged with the sabre, and this unexpected action obviously rendered the medicine useless! The Indians fled, and lost three or four men. White-Bull was long greatly respected as a medicine-man and priest. He took part in the Custer fight in 1876, where his only son was killed. As one of Two-Moon's band in 1877 he surrendered to Gen. N. A. Miles at Fort Keogh, Mont. For many years he was one of the four chiefs of the Northern Cheyenne, the others being Two-Moon, Little-Chief, and American-Horse.

sky; and one said to the other, "That star is pretty, I like that one." The other answered, "I like that other one better." One of them pointed to a very bright star, and said, "I like that one best of all; I would marry that star."

That night as they lay down in the lodge, going to bed, they said, "To-morrow we will go out and gather wood." Next day they went out together for wood; and as they were going along in the timber, they saw a porcupine in a tree; and the girl who had chosen the bright star said, "I will climb up and pull him down." She climbed up into the tree toward the porcupine, but could not quite reach him. Just as she would stretch out her hand to seize his foot, he would move up a little, so that she could not reach him. Meantime the tree seemed to be growing taller. The girl below called to her friend, "You had better come down, this tree is growing taller!"—"No," said the other, "I can almost reach him now"; and she kept on climbing. When the girl below saw the tree growing so high, and the other girl so far above her that she could hardly see her, she ran back to the camp and told the people. They rushed out to the tree; but the girl had gone, she could not be seen.

The tree grew and grew; and at last the girl reached another land, and there she stepped off the branches

of the tree and walked away from it. Before she had gone far, she met there a middle-aged man, who spoke to her, and she began to cry. He said to her, "Why, what is the matter with you? Only last night you were wishing to marry me." He was the bright star.

He married the girl, and they lived together. He told her that she could go out and dig roots and *pommes blanches* with the other women, but that there was a certain kind of *pomme blanche* with a great green top that she must not dig; to dig this was against the medicine. Every day the girl used to go out to dig roots; and one day, after she had been out some time, she began to wonder why it was against the medicine to dig one of these strange *pommes blanches*, and made up her mind that she would dig one and find out about it. Next day she dug one up. It took her a long time; and when she pulled up the root, she saw that it made a hole through the ground on which she was standing. She could look down through this hole, and see, far below, the great camp from which she had come.

A child was born to her—a son. Still when she looked down and saw the lodges, and the people walking about, very small, she was homesick; she felt that she wanted to get back to her people, and she won-

dered how she could get down. Near by there grew great long grass; and after she had thought for a time about getting away, she wondered if she could not make a rope of this grass. She began to do so; and for many days she worked, braiding a great long rope. Her husband used to wonder why she was out of doors so much, and what she was doing; and one day he asked her. "Oh," she said, "I walk about a great deal, and that makes me tired; and then I sit down and rest." He did not understand it.

At last the woman had finished her rope, and let it down through the hole in the ground till she thought she could see it touch the earth below. She got a strong stick and laid it across the hole, and tied the rope to it, and began to let herself and her papoose down. For a long time she went down safely; but when she got to the end of the rope, she found it was not long enough, and that she was still far above the earth. For a long time she held on there, crying. At last, however, she had to let go; and she fell, and the fall broke her all to pieces. Although the fall killed her, her child did not die; he was made of stone, and the fall did not kill him.

A meadow-lark, flying about, found him, and took pity on him, and took him to its nest. The lark kept him there like one of its young ones; and when the

She found that she was still far above the earth.

boy got big enough, he used to creep out of the nest with the young birds. The stronger the birds grew, the stronger he became. He got so, after a time, that he could crawl about very fast. After the birds had grown big enough to fly a little way, the boy was able to run about. When the birds became strong, and could fly about anywhere, he could follow them. He was growing to be a big boy.

When the time came for the birds to go south, the meadow-lark said to the boy, "Son, you would better go home now; before long it is going to be very hard weather here; we are all going to the south country." The boy said, "Father, why do you want me to go home? I want to go with you."—"No," said his father, "it will be too hard; you would better go home. Your people live down the stream; go home to them." —"Well, father," said the boy, "I will go home if you will make me a bow and arrows." The meadow-lark did so, and pulled out some of his own quills to feather the arrows. He made him four arrows and a bow; and after they were finished, the meadow-lark pointed out to him which way to go, and the boy started in that direction.

He travelled along for some time; and when he reached the camp, he went into the nearest lodge, where an old woman lived. The boy said to her,

"Grandmother, I want a drink of water." She said, "Grandson, water is very hard to get. Only those who can run the fastest can have water."—"Why is it hard to get water, grandmother?" he asked. "Why, grandson," said she, "only the young men go for water, the fastest runners. There is a fearful animal there, a *mĭh'n*i* that draws in (to itself) people who go near it." The boy said, "Grandmother, give me your buffalo-paunch bucket and your buffalo-horn ladle. I will go for water."—"Grandson," she said, "many young men have been killed by going there for water. I fear you will be killed, too." Nevertheless she gave him the things he asked for, and he went to the stream and began to dip up water. While he was doing this, he kept looking about for this animal.

When his bucket was full, the *mĭh'n*i* raised its head above the water. It had a great mouth; and as it drew in its breath, the suction from the mouth drew in the boy, and the water and the bucket and the spoon. Now, when he was sucked in, the boy had his knife; and when he found himself inside the *mĭh'n*i*, he saw there all the people that had ever been swallowed by it. With his knife he cut a hole in the animal's side,

*A mythical water-monster described as a very large lizard, partly covered with hair, and with one or two horns. The thunder-birds have been known to kill these monsters. One or two writers have inferred that *mĭh'n*i* is an alligator, but this is not the fact.

and let out all the people. Then he brought the water to his grandmother.

"Why," said his grandmother, "my son, who are you? What are you?"—"Grandmother," said he, "I am Falling-Star; I have killed the great thing that has been starving you for water." The woman told an old man of this, and he cried it through the camp that Falling-Star had killed the great animal that had so long deprived them of water.

After he had saved that camp, he said to his grandmother, "Grandmother, are there any other camps of people near here?" The old woman said, "Yes, there is one down below, on this stream." Then Falling-Star left the camp, taking with him his bow and arrows.

It is now the fall of the year. The boy travelled and travelled, and at length he reached the camp below. When he got there, he went into an old woman's lodge. She was sitting there alone, with her head hanging down, and only one stick of wood [on the fire]. He said to her, "Grandmother, I am very cold; why don't you have a larger fire?"—"Why, grandson," she said, "we cannot get any wood; there is a great Owl* in the timber, that kills people when they go for wood."—"Give me your rope and axe," said

**Mĭ'stai* = owl or ghost.

Falling-Star; "I will go and get wood."—"Ah, no, grandson! do not go! He is a great and terrible owl. He takes people up and sticks them into his ears," said the old woman.

Falling-Star took the rope and axe, and started out for wood. As he was chopping wood in the timber, he kept looking all about him for the owl. After his wood was cut and tied up, suddenly this great owl appeared, and took the boy up and put him into his ear. After the boy had been put in the ear, he took his bow and one of his arrows and shot the thing in the brain, and it fell down dead.

The boy crept out of the ear, and took up his wood and carried it back to his grandmother's lodge. "Now," he said, "grandmother, we will have a big fire and get warm. I have killed this great thing that kept you from getting wood." The grandmother told of this; and an old man called it through the camp, that Falling-Star had killed the great owl that lived in the timber.

Some time after this, Falling-Star asked his grandmother if there were any other camps near by, and she told him that on beyond there were others. So he left that camp. By this time it was winter, and snow lay on the ground. Falling-Star came to the camp, and went into an old woman's lodge and sat down. The

old woman did not set food before him; and at length he said to her, "Grandmother, I am very hungry."

"O my son!" said she, "we have no food. We cannot get any buffalo. Whenever we go for buffalo, a great white crow comes about and drives them away." Falling-Star said, "That is bad, that is very bad, I will see what I can do. Do you go out and look about the camp for an old worn-out robe, with but little hair on it; and tell the old chief to choose two of the swiftest runners in the camp, and send them to me."

The old woman went out to look for such a robe, and found one; and then she went to the chief's lodge, and told him that she wanted him to choose two of the swiftest men on foot in the camp; and that when he had found them, he should bring them to Falling-Star at her lodge. She took the robe back to the lodge.

The two swift young men were sent to Falling-Star; and he told them that when any buffalo came near the camp, he would go out to a certain place; and that when the buffalo ran, he would follow them; and that these young men must chase the buffalo, following him far, and not giving up; and that when they overtook him, they must shoot at and kill him; and that after they had killed him, they must cut him open and leave him lying there.

Not long after this, buffalo were seen, and came

close to the camp; and the men started out to try and kill some. When they started, the white crow flew over the buffalo, and called out, "They are coming! They are after you! Run, run!" The buffalo started and ran; and behind them ran an old scabby bull, with little hair on its body, which could not catch up with the herd. The two swift young men chased this bull, and did not give up; and at last they caught him and shot him, and killed him, and then opened him and left him there, and returned to the camp, as Falling-Star had told them. After they had cut him open and left him, as they were going back to the camp, the young men looked back, and saw birds of all kinds, and wolves and coyotes, gathering about the carcass. Among the birds was the white crow. He would fly over the carcass and alight, and say, "I wonder if this is not Falling-Star!" Then he would fly over the bull again, and alight, and say, "I wonder if this is not Falling-Star!" He kept getting closer and closer to the carcass, and called out to the other birds, "Leave the eyes for me! Do not touch the eyes! I wonder if this is Falling-Star!" He kept getting still closer; and just as he was about to peck at the eyes, Falling-Star reached out and caught him by the legs. As soon as he did so, all the birds flew away, and the coyotes and wolves scattered all over the hills. Falling-Star brought

the crow to his grandmother's lodge, and sent for one of the soldier bands and the chief, to decide what should be done with the crow. The chief said, "I will take him to my lodge and tie him in the smoke-hole, and smoke him to death." He took him to his lodge, and tied him over the fire in the smoke-hole; but one day the crow twisted loose and got away.

Falling-Star sent some of his young men out to gather flax-weeds; and from the bark he made a long string, and to the end of the string he tied a slender thread, and to the thread he tied a small feather. He blew this feather out of the top of the lodge, and told the people to watch the string; and whenever it stopped going out, to pull it back quickly; and at the end of it they would find the crow. When the string stopped, they drew it in, and soon the crow came fluttering down through the smoke-hole. Then they killed it. After this they caught many, many buffalo. The people said, "Now we are saved. Now we can have plenty to eat."

Falling-Star left that camp, and travelled on to another. He went into an old woman's lodge, and said, "Grandmother, I am hungry, I want something to eat."—"Son," she said, "it is bad here, we have nothing to eat. When we go to chase buffalo, Winter-Man sends a big snow-storm, and we can get nothing."

Falling-Star said to his grandmother, "The next time that buffalo comes, you and I will go out and get some meat. So fix up your dog-travois." When the buffalo came, he said to her, "Get ready now! We will go." They all went out and killed some buffalo. There was one nice fat cow; and Falling-Star said, "Come, grandmother, we will cut up this one."

As they were butchering, Winter-Man appeared on the hill, with a great club in his hand. He started down toward them, and the grandmother wanted to run. Falling-Star said, "Do not run away, grandmother!" and as he said this, he cut out the kidney from the cow, and handed it to his grandmother. By this time Winter-Man was close to them. He said to Falling-Star, "Why do you give the kidney to that old woman?" Winter-Man lifted his foot and kicked the old woman, and his leg flew off. He raised his hand and struck at her, and his arm flew off. He opened his mouth to speak to her, and his head flew off, and he fell down. They butchered the cow quickly, and went away and left Winter-Man lying there.

After they got to the lodge with the meat, they had something to eat; and Falling-Star said, "I think I will go over and see Winter-Man."—"No," said his grandmother, "do not go! You have treated him badly, and he may kill you."—"I think I will go,"

said Falling-Star. "Where does he live?" His grandmother said, "He lives over there in that cut bank."

Falling-Star went to the cut bank, and went in; and Winter-Man, who had been brought in and cured by his wife, said, "Why do you come here after the way you have treated me?"—"Why, uncle," said Falling-Star, "I only wanted to talk to you, and to see your bow." He took up the bow, which was made of a great tree, and bent and broke it.

Winter-Man said, "Why do you do this? Get out of my lodge! Why do you stay here when I order you out? Have you no feeling? Have you no shame?"—"Oh," said Falling-Star, "I want to see your club." He picked up the club and struck Winter-Man over the head with it, and killed him with his own club. Then he killed his wife and children, all except one little one who got away and crept into a crevice in the ground. After he had done this, he went back to the lodge and told his grandmother that he had killed Winter-Man and all his family except one. He said to her, "Tell every one in the camp to heat water and pour it into that crevice, and try to scald that child to death." The people did this for a long time; but whenever they stopped, they could see frost rising out of the crack, and at last they stopped. If he had killed that one, we should have had no more snow.

Falling-Star left that camp and travelled on. It was now the middle of winter. The days were short, and it became dark early. One night he came to a stream, and saw a light on it. When he came close to this light, he saw near him a man, who wore a necklace made of many ears of people strung together, standing looking at the camp. Falling-Star said to himself, "That is Double-Eyes." He crept back, and went to where some box-elders grew; and from the fungus* which grew on them he cut out many pieces shaped like ears, and strung them about his neck. He walked back, and went up to Double-Eyes, who said to him, "Halloo, friend! Where do you come from? Why, you look just like me!"

"Yes," said Falling-Star, "I am the same kind of a medicine-man. Suppose, now, the people wanted to kill you, how could they do it?"—"Why," said Double-Eyes, "if the people knew it, and caught me and threw some grease into the fire, and rattled on a medicine-rattle, I should fall down dead. I go around biting peoples' ears off, and making necklaces of them. There is one lodge here that I have not been into. After it is quiet, and these people all get to sleep, I am going into that lodge." Falling-Star said, "We are

*This fungus is called in Cheyenne *ĭs-tō-wō-ĕsh-kōn*, meaning "one's ears," with a diminutive,—perhaps "one's small ears." It looks like the old-fashioned dried apples, which have been given the same name.

just alike; that is the only way I can be killed." Of the lodge he was talking about, Falling-Star said, "I will go in and see if all are asleep, and will come back and tell you."—"It is well," said Double-Eyes.

Falling-Star went to the lodge; and when he got there, he said, "Are all here asleep?" Some one answered, "No." Falling-Star said, "That person who goes about biting off ears is coming here. You must all pretend to be asleep, and snore, and then you can kill him. The only way he can be killed is to build a big fire and throw some grease into the fire, and shake a medicine-rattle. If you do that, he will fall down and die."

The people in the lodge were glad when they heard this, and they said they would do as Falling-Star had told them. Then Falling-Star went back to Double-Eyes, and said to him, "All are asleep and snoring. Let us go! I will go in first."—"No," said Double-Eyes, "I will go in first."—"Very well," said Falling-Star.

They went to the lodge; and when they got close to it, they listened, and all were snoring. Falling-Star said again to Double-Eyes, "I will go in first."—"No," said Double-Eyes, "I will go in first." He entered; and when he was inside, Falling-Star closed the

door and put his weight against it, and called out, "He has gone in!" The people arose quickly and built up a big fire. Double-Eyes was trying to get out everywhere, but Falling-Star was like a rock against the door. The people threw some grease into the fire, and shook a medicine-rattle, and Double-Eyes fell down dead. Next morning the people threw Double-Eyes out of doors. All those in the camp came about him, and recognized their own ears and took them. Falling-Star made a big sweat-house, and told the people to get into it and take a sweat, and to hold their ears against the sides of their heads. They did so; and when they came out, all had their ears on as natural as ever.

While he was in this camp, he was told that they needed him at the next camp; that a lodge had been built for him, and a girl was waiting to marry him. Those people were worse off than any. An old woman lived there who scalped people. Falling-Star reached the place, and found it just as he had been told. His lodge was up, and the girl he was to marry was waiting for him. All the people had been scalped, and had their heads tied up.

The old woman heard of his coming, and went over to see him. She said, "Why, grandson! I heard that you had arrived, and have come over to see you. I need

two scalps to use on the robe I am fixing."—"Yes, grandmother," said Falling-Star, "we heard you needed scalps, and that is why we came." The girl had not been scalped; she had long hair, and so had Falling-Star. After a while he went over to the old woman's lodge, taking his wife with him. She did not want to go into the lodge, she was afraid; but he coaxed her to go, yet it was a long time before she would go in.

When they entered, the old woman said, "I am glad to see you. You have nice hair."—"Yes," said Falling-Star, "we came here for that reason, because we heard you needed good scalps." He told his wife to sit on the side away from the old woman, saying, "I will let her take my hair first." The old woman made ready her knife, and walked over to Falling-Star to cut off his hair. As she came close to him, he struck her; and because he was made of stone, he knocked her down and killed her at the first blow.

When the people heard that Falling-Star had killed this old woman, they all rushed into the lodge; and after they had seen that she was really dead, when they looked about the lodge, each man knew his own scalp hanging there. Now Falling-Star made a big sweat-house; and he told all the people to get in and take a sweat, and while they were sweating to hold

their scalps on their heads. They did this; and when they came out of the sweat-house, their heads were perfect.

Falling-Star married the girl, and lived always with these people.

STEALING THE SPRINGTIME

FRANK B. LINDERMAN

"THE snows will soon come," said Two-comes-over-the-hill, looking gravely at the sparkling lodge-fire. "But the Winter does not last as it once did. I will tell you why. Of course Skinkoots* had a hand in what happened to change the Seasons. It was Skinkoots who started it all. And we are glad he did, for now the Summer stays with us six Moons.

"Listen! The snow was deep. It bent the trees. It covered the ice on the lakes until they looked like parks in the forest. Every Person was thin, even those who store up food for the Winter. The busiest of these

*The Coyote.

could not gather enough food during the short Summer to last him through the long Winter.

"Skinkoots was walking on his snow-shoes. He was hungry, and asked at every lodge for something to eat. At last he came to the lodge of an Old Woman. This Old Woman was the Pine Squirrel-person, and she gave him some food. The food was wild-rose hips which she had gathered during the Summer-time. She did not have many left, and she cried when Skinkoots ate the last one.

" 'Oh, dear, what can I do? It will not be Spring for a long time. I shall die!' she wailed.

" 'What is that you are saying?' asked Skinkoots, licking his chops.

" 'I said there is no more food and it is Winter. I shall starve. Oh, what shall I do?'

" 'Do? Why, cry, of course! Cry hard! And when the Persons come here and ask you why you cry, do not answer them. Just keep on crying. Finally I will come in and ask: "Do you say there will be no more food for a long time?" And you must say: "Yes." '

"Skinkoots went out of the lodge and the Old Woman began to cry. Persons came to her lodge and asked: 'Why do you cry?' But she would not answer them. She just kept on crying, crying, crying, until in came Skinkoots.

DELTA COLLEGE LIBRARY

" 'What is going on here?' he asked of all the Persons there.

" 'This Old Woman is crying, and she will not tell us why she cries. That is all,' answered somebody, across the fire.

" 'Say, you,' said Skinkoots, looking at the Old Woman, 'do you say there will be no more food until Spring?'

" Yes,' wailed the Old Woman, 'that is what I said. What shall we do to bring back the Springtime?'

" 'Well, I will see about this,' said Skinkoots, and went out of the Old Woman's lodge.

"There was a village of many lodges. It was far away and strong. The Persons who lived there kept

the Summer-time tied up in a Moose-skin bag. They kept all the Seasons that way. They used to untie the Winter and let him stay out twelve months sometimes. This was because they liked him best. But so much Winter made it hard for the other Persons, and something had to be done about it.

"Skinkoots knew about all this, and he travelled steadily until he had found the Softest-walker, and the Farthest-thrower, and the Strongest-one among all the Persons he knew. He said to them: The Springtime is in a Moose-skin bag that hangs in the Chief's lodge over that way.' And he pointed North. 'Let us go and steal that bag and untie it. But we must not get hold of the wrong one, for there are three bags hanging there. We must steal the bag that holds the Springtime and not make a mistake, or we shall mix things.'

" Good,' said the Grizzly Bear. 'I shall have a hard time travelling. I am so sleepy and heavy. But I will help you. Lead on.'

" 'Yes,' said Skinkoots, 'you are the Strongest-person. Your Medicine is powerful. Come with us.'

"And so these four started for the strange village. All the other Persons followed to learn what was going on.

"At last they came to the village. It was nearly hid-

den by the deep snow, and looked bad under the stars.

" 'Hey, you Persons, hide yourselves on that hill,' said Skinkoots, beckoning the Grizzly Bear and the Softest-walker and the Farthest-thrower to come to him.

" 'See that big lodge?' asked Skinkoots, pointing to a big black tepee with white smoke coming from its top.

" 'Yes, we see it,' said the Grizzly Bear and the Softest-walker and the Farthest-thrower, craning their necks and pricking up their ears.

" 'Well, that is it,' said Skinkoots, 'and you must be careful. Listen! There will be an Old Woman in that lodge. She is a loud talker, and you must be careful not to let her talk much. Remember this.

" 'Here, Softest-walker, take this pitch, and when you get inside sit by the lodge-fire and pretend to warm your hands, but melt the pitch; melt the pitch in your hand. When the pitch is soft and very sticky you must ask: "Where is the Springtime, Old Woman?"

" 'She will say, "It is hanging there," and point to the bag. Then you must stop her mouth with the hot pitch and hold it there until it sticks *tight*. Then the Old Woman will not be able to speak. The hot pitch will stop her words. When you have done this, take

down the bag that holds the Springtime and throw it outside. Have you listened?'

"'Yes,' answered Softest-walker, 'I have listened.'

"'Now *you*, Farthest-thrower, listen to me,' said Skinkoots, speaking fast. "When this Person throws that bag outside the lodge, you grab it. Grab it quick! And throw it far; farther than you ever threw a thing before. Throw it over that way.' And he pointed to the hill where the other Persons were hiding. 'Well, that is your job,' said Skinkoots. 'Have you listened, Farthest-thrower?'

"'Yes,' answered Farthest-thrower, 'I have listened.'

"'And now *you*, Strongest-one,' he said to the Grizzly Bear, 'go over there on that hill among the others. When the bag comes you catch it. Catch it and *tear* it. Tear it *quickly!* That is all you have to do. Have you listened, Strongest-one?'

"'Yes,' answered Grizzly Bear-person, 'I have listened.'

"'Well, then get at your jobs. I will be over there to watch what is going on. Now be careful, all of you. And remember my words!'

"Softest-walker went to the lodge and slipped inside with the ball of pitch in his hand. He did not make a sound in his walking.

"Farthest-thrower sat down on the snow piled up by the door. He could hear all that went on inside, too. And he listened.

"Softest-walker sat down by the fire and held his hands over it. Yes, he held them where the ball of pitch would get hot.

" 'The weather is cold, Old Woman,' he said, looking up at the three bags hanging on the lodge-poles.

" 'Yes, it is,' she answered, without even looking at him.

"The pitch was growing soft now. It was pretty sticky already, so Softest-walker asked: 'Where is the Springtime, Old Woman?'

" 'That is it, hanging over your head,' she answered, pointing to the bag.

"Swow! Softest-walker stopped the Old Woman's mouth with the hot pitch, and held it there!

"Oh, ho! She tried to speak! She tried to scream! But the hot pitch stuck tight and held back her words, just as Skinkoots had said it would. She tried to run outside, but Softest-walker pushed her back and grabbed the bag.

"Oh, ho! He grabbed the bag! The Old Woman threw her arms around him, but he managed to shake

her off, and toss the bag out through the door, where Strongest-thrower was waiting for it.

"Oh, ho! He grabbed it! Lifted it high and threw it! Up—up it went, and over the other lodges.

"Both Softest-walker and Farthest-thrower saw it sail to the hill as they ran away after it. They saw Grizzly Bear catch the bag and tear it open, felt the soft Winds touching their faces, even before they reached their friends on the hillside. Oh, ho! It was *Springtime!*

"The snow was melting by the time Softest-walker and Farthest-thrower caught up with the other Persons, who were running away with the Springtime.

"Ho!"

OLD–MAN AND THE THUNDER–BIRDS

FRANK B. LINDERMAN

WALKS-IN-THE-WATER put wood on the fire. Then he filled and lighted a black-stone pipe with a burning twig. Drawing four deep drafts of the fragrant smoke of the kinnikinic through the long stem, he passed the pipe to Two-comes-over-the-hill, who smoked with his eyes on the crackling fire.

The children waited, speaking to each other in low voices till their grandfather returned the black-stone pipe to Walks-in-the-water. Then they were still again.

"The white frost has come," said Two-comes-over-the-hill, drawing his robe about his aged shoul-

ders. "*Old*-man has painted the leaves, and they will soon dance with the North Wind. The season when the Thunder-birds visit us has gone. They will come no more until the leaves are green again. They were wicked Persons when this world was young. But now they do not make war unless they know that People have spoken against them. It is bad to speak ill of the Thunders. Yes, or even to think bad thoughts of them, for thinking bad thoughts is the same as speaking them aloud. And the Thunders hear our thoughts. Remember this.

"Listen! One fine morning in the Summer-time, when only *Old*-man and the Persons lived on this world, Skinkoots was looking for a Rabbit-person to eat. His eyes are sharp, but the Rabbit-persons that live in this country change their robes with the seasons. In the winter-time they are white to be like the snow, and only their eyes are black. When the snow has gone away these Rabbit-persons wear brown to be like the country they live in, and then their tails are black. They are not like their cousins that live on the plains without changing their tails, even if they do change their robes. So our Rabbit-persons are always hard to see in any season. Their tails never give them away.

"Of course Skinkoots has a fine nose to help his

eyes, and very soon he got his breakfast. Just as he had finished and was washing his face with his tongue, he heard something coming.

"'Oh, ho!' he said; 'what is *going on here?* I guess I will get the wind of what is coming. Then I will know quick enough. My nose will tell me the truth.'

"He soon reached a spot where the Wind—there was only a little—told him what he wanted to know. And then he began to laugh and dance.

"'Oh, ho!' he said, standing on his hind legs, 'Oh, ho! It is *Nu-la-kin-nah* that is coming. Oh, ho!'

"He had learned 'Oh, ho' from *Old*-man, and he liked to say it. He thought it sounded fine, so he said it often.

"'Now I am glad!' he laughed, trotting to meet his friend. 'I thought it might be the Mountain-lion-person that was coming, and I don't like that Person. He is a stingy Person. When he has killed meat, he will not let me have even a bite. Well, I am glad that it is not the Lion-person that is coming.'

"Finally Skinkoots stopped and began to laugh. 'What a foolish Person I am to be travelling to meet a Person who is coming toward me. I will wait here. Why didn't I think of this before? My legs will last longer.'

"He sat down and waited till *Old*-man came along, his keen nose telling him what other Persons were doing where the Wind came from.

" How, *Nu-la-kin-nah!*' he said, when *Old*-man was about to pass without seeing him.

" 'Hey, you Skinkoots, I have been looking for you!' laughed *Old*-man, leaning on his staff.

" 'Well, now you have found me. What is going on where you have been?'

" 'I have not *been* any place. I am just *going* there.'

" 'Where?' asked Skinkoots, sniffing the Wind.

" '*Everywhere*, of course, and I want you to come along.'

" 'Well, all right. I have not anything to do. I will go!' said Skinkoots. And so they began travelling together—the *Old*-man ahead and Skinkoots behind.

"Of course *Old*-man talked a good deal without saying much that was worth while, and maybe this is the reason that Skinkoots did not remember what came to his ears. When a Person talks all the time, one grows tired of waiting for smart words among so many that are foolish. It is like waiting for birch-leaves in a cottonwood grove when the Fall Winds are blowing.

"But *Old*-man thought Skinkoots was listening when he said: 'Say, you Skinkoots, we shall soon some to a dead Pine-tree. It stands alone on a high hill and

there is a bad cliff beneath it. The Pine-tree's top is broken off, and its trunk has no limbs. This Tree is very tall, and on its broken-off top there is a nest—a very large nest built of heavy sticks as big as my arms. When we come close to this Tree we shall hear queer noises, but you must not listen to these noises. When you hear them you must not look up to learn who is making the noises. Keep your eyes straight ahead of you and pass on as though you heard nothing at all.'

"*Old*-man's words were plain enough. Any Person could understand them if he were listening. But Skinkoots had closed his ears. Besides, he stopped to eat a Mouse-person and got a little behind *Old*-man.

"The Sun was right over the Broken-off-pine-tree when they came to it and sure enough Skinkoots heard queer noises. They came from the nest in the Broken-off-pine.

" 'Kin-nak-nak-kin! Kin-nak-nak-kin-ahhh-ooo-eee-ah!'

" 'What is going on up there, I wonder?' said Skinkoots, stopping to look up.

"The Sun was in his eyes and he had to shade them with his hand. Then he looked up again, and saw the big nest on the Broken-off-pine. But he did not know what Persons lived there. Oh, no, he did not even guess, or he would not have looked at all.

"What is going on up there, I wonder?"

"'Kin-nak-nak-kin! Kin-nak-nak-kin-ahhh-ooo-eee-ah!' Two great black Bird-persons were sitting on the nest making these queer noises. But Skinkoots did not know what Persons they were. He did not even guess that they were children of the Thunder-birds that sat on the big nest.

"'Kin-nak-nak-kin! Kin-nak-nak-kin-ahhh-ooo-eee-ah!'

"'I like that,' said Skinkoots, listening. 'I think I can do it myself! Oh, ho! I know I can do it!' Then he made the queer noise himself. Once, twice, three times he made it—and Swow! He found himself in the big nest with the young Thunder-birds. And so did *Old*-man, who had nothing at all to do with making that noise.

"Now see what you have done, Skinkoots!" cried *Old*-man, hanging onto the nest with both hands, for up there the Wind was blowing and the Broken-off-tree rocked frightfully.

"'Now see what you have done! We cannot climb down because we cannot get to the tree trunk from this nest. Those Thunder-birds will be coming along to look after their children. They will kill us. Didn't I tell you—' began *Old*-man.

"'Yes, *Nu-la-kin-nah;* yes, you told me, I guess. But I did not hear you,' whined Skinkoots, hanging

on for dear life. 'Next time I will listen, *Nu-la-kin-nah*—next time I will listen.'

" 'Oh, you will, will you? Well, then, listen now, Skinkoots, while I talk to these young Thunders.

" 'Say, you Black-persons, when does your mother come home?' he asked.

" 'When it rains,' said both Black-persons together.

" 'And when does your father come?'

" 'When it hails,' said both Black-persons together.

" 'Oh, I see,' said *Old*-man.

" 'Yes, and when our father and mother are home we are all here.'

" 'Oh, I see,' said *Old*-man.

" 'Listen, Skinkoots, you Foolish-person. When their mother comes she will ask us: "Which of you two gets tired first?" Remember this, for you must answer her and say: "My friend gets tired first. I never, never get tired myself." Then you must get up and dance to prove it.'

" 'Dance!' whined Skinkoots. 'It is all I can do to stay in this nest, big as it is. How can I dance when I have to hang on?'

" 'Well, you *must* dance. That is all. And I will tell you another thing, Skinkoots; if you live through the first dance, you will have to dance again when the father comes home. So get ready!'

"'Oh, dear! Look!' whispered Skinkoots, pointing toward the West.

"'Oh, ho!" said *Old*-man. 'Oh, ho! She comes, I guess—the mother of these two Black-persons. Get ready to dance, Skinkoots!'

"Skinkoots looked wildly about. His ears were flat down on his head, but there was no place to hide. 'Oh, dear!' he whimpered miserably.

"Then he looked toward the West again. Oh, ho! The little black spot he had seen there was growing! Oh, ho!

"Now the Winds came to shake the Broken-off-tree until it cracked. Oh, ho! The sky grew black over their heads, and the Thunders rolled, and the lightning flashed, and there were smells of things burning, when suddenly the great nest tilted frightfully. She was there beside them—the Mother Thunder-bird. Oh, ho! She was there in the nest.

"'What is this? Meat to eat! Good!' she said. 'I will fix it for you, children.'

"'Now, tell me, which of you gets tired first?' she asked, turning her awful eyes upon *Old*-man and Skinkoots.

"Just then the Wind whistled loud, and *Old*-man nudged Skinkoots. 'Get up—get up and tell her!' he

whispered. 'Tell her I am the one; and then dance to prove it. Quick, Skinkoots!'

"Skinkoots sprang to his feet and began to dance. 'I never get tired—my friend is always that way,' he said, hopping all around the nest.

" 'Well, that is enough dancing. Sit down,' said the Mother Thunder-bird. And Skinkoots was glad of the chance, of course.

" 'So you are the one that gets tired first,' said the great Black Bird, looking at *Old*-man, who was sitting with his back against the side of the nest.

" 'He says so,' grunted *Old*-man, as though Skinkoots might have lied.

" 'Well, I believe it, anyway. Stretch out your legs. I always begin on the legs when I eat Persons.'

"Skinkoots's eyes were popping from his head when *Old*-man calmly stretched out his legs as the Mother Thunder-bird had told him.

"But just when the wicked Black Bird had opened her mouth to take hold of his feet *Old*-man stabbed her with his knife, and she died!

" 'Now, Skinkoots, quick! Help me roll her over the side of this nest before her Man comes home. He will be harder to fool than she was, but he will ask the same question, and you must do just as you did be-

fore. Ho! Ho! Ho!' Over the side of the big nest went the Mother Thunder-bird, and they heard her body strike the ground. It was as though a pine-tree had fallen from a mountain-top.

" 'Oh! Look, *Nu-la-kin-nah!*' cried Skinkoots. 'He is coming already. Oh, dear. What shall I do?'

" 'Do? I have told you what to do; and see that you do it. Sit down now and rest.'

"A great black cloud that had red on its edges was coming fast. There was deep Thunder and the Winds nearly tipped over the Broken-off-tree. Lightning ripped a tall pine to splinters, and both *Old*-man and Skinkoots were hanging on for their lives when it began to hail, Oh, ho! The hailstones were like the eggs of the Goose-person! The air grew cold as Winter, and the hailstones were up to *Old*-man's shoulders as he sat in the nest. Oh, ho!

"Then suddenly, as though somebody had kindled a fire in a dark lodge, the sun came out of the clouds —and there, beside them in the nest, was the Father Thunder-bird!

"His head was red, and his angry eyes were green as the grass in summer.

" 'What is this? Meat to eat? Good! I will fix it for you, children,' he said.

" 'Now tell me which of you gets tired first,' he

asked, turning his greedy eyes on *Old*-man and then on little Skinkoots.

"This time Skinkoots did not wait. '*He* does,' he said, dancing around on the hailstones in the nest. '*He* does. *I* never get tired, myself.'

" 'Well, that is enough dancing. Sit down!' said the Father Thunder-bird. And Skinkoots was glad of the chance, of course.

" 'So you are the one that gets tired first, hey?' said the wicked Black Bird to *Old*-man, who was sitting among hailstones that were nearly up to his shoulders.

" 'Well, stretch out your legs. I always begin on the legs when I eat Persons.'

"*Old*-man stretched out his legs quick enough; but just when the Father Thunder-bird stooped to take *Old*-man's feet in his mouth he stabbed him, and he died.

" 'Say—that was easy,' laughed *Old*-man, rising. 'Here, Skinkoots, help me roll him out of his nest. I know what I shall do next. Hurry!'

"They tugged and they pulled and they lifted until over went the great Black Bird to the hail-covered ground. It was as though two great pine-trees had fallen from a mountain-top when he struck the earth —Swow! Even the hill trembled.

"And now the Thunder-birds' children began to

cry. It was not like the crying of other Persons. It was like the screaming of a hundred women who are frightened.

"'Stop it!' cried *Old*-man. 'Stop it at once, or I will kill you as I did your parents.

"'Listen to me!' he said when the children were still. 'You young ones must take us down to the ground on your backs. Get up here!'

"The two young Thunder-birds got up, and *Old*-man climbed on one, while Skinkoots got on the other.

"'All ready now,' said *Old*-man, grabbing a handful of neck-feathers. 'You two birds be careful what you do, or you will be sorry.'

"Oh, ho! Away they went, but *up*, *up*, *up*, almost to the sky. Then suddenly both the Birds turned downward, and *Old*-man felt safer when he saw the trees beneath him. *Down*, *down*, *down* came the black Thunder-birds until *Old*-man could count the hailstones. *Down*, *down*, until he was almost to the ground.

"And then, just as he stepped off the Bird's back, Skinkoots said: 'Kin-nak-nak-kin—Kin-nak-nak-kin-ahhh-ooo-eee-ah!'

"Oh, ho! Up went the Thunder-bird again, with Skinkoots on his back. *Up*, *up*, *up* into the clouds. *Old*-man held onto *his* Bird, so he could not fly. They

tumbled and rolled and mussed up the hailstones, but *Old*-man held on tight until the Bird gave up—and said so.

" 'Good!' said *Old*-man, out of breath from everything. 'Good! Now you make that queer noise, yourself! Make it good and loud, too. I want your brother up there to hear it, and bring Skinkoots back here. *Make* it, I tell you!'

" 'Kin-nak-nak-kin — Kin-nak-nak-kin-ahhh-oooeee-ah!" shrieked the Thunder-bird, now badly frightened.

" 'Good!' said *Old*-man. 'Now make it again—and make it louder this time.'

"Oh, ho! the voice of the Thunder-bird made *Old*-man's head dizzy, but he hung on till the other Thunder-bird came sailing down to the ground with Skinkoots safe on his back.

" 'Now, you listen, Skinkoots,' said *Old*-man, when Skinkoots stepped upon the ground, 'You hold that Bird-person tight. Do not let him get away until I kill him. I have already killed mine. Now I will kill yours. Hold him, Skinkoots!'

" 'Well, hurry!' gasped Skinkoots. 'He is hard to hold, I can tell you. Oh! ouch! Hurry, *Nu-la-kin-nah!*'

"*Old*-man ran to the floundering Skinkoots, and

stabbed the Thunder-bird with his knife. Once, twice, three times he stabbed the black Thunder-bird that Skinkoots held; and when *Old*-man's knife struck the third time something happened.

"Oh, ho! The eyes of the Thunder-bird burst! 'Pop!' they went, and out of the eye-holes flew *two* Birds that were no bigger than crows.

" 'Hey, you Bird-persons, listen!' said *Old*-man.

"The Birds listened, of course, and *Old*-man said: 'From this day onward you two shall be Thunder-birds. But you must not kill People who do not speak bad words against you. Now go on about your business and do not visit this world in Winter-time.'

"They have remembered what *Old*-man told them. This is why the Thunder-birds do no great harm to-day. Besides, they do not come here in winter.

"Ho!"

ORIGIN OF THE MEDICINE PIPE

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

THUNDER—you have heard him, he is everywhere. He roars in the mountains, he shouts far out on the prairie. He strikes the high rocks, and they fall to pieces. He hits a tree, and it is broken in slivers. He strikes the people, and they die. He is bad. He does not like the towering cliff, the standing tree, or living man. He likes to strike and crush them to the ground. Yes! yes! Of all he is most powerful; he is the one most strong. But I have not told you the worst: he sometimes steals women.

Long ago, almost in the beginning, a man and his

wife were sitting in their lodge, when Thunder came and struck them. The man was not killed. At first he was as if dead, but after a while he lived again, and rising looked about him. His wife was not there. "Oh, well," he thought, "she has gone to get some water or wood," and he sat a while; but when the sun had under-disappeared, he went out and inquired about her of the people. No one had seen her. He searched throughout the camp, but did not find her. Then he knew that Thunder had stolen her, and he went out on the hills alone and mourned.

When morning came, he rose and wandered far away, and he asked all the animals he met if they knew where Thunder lived. They laughed, and would not answer. The Wolf said: "Do you think we would seek the home of the only one we fear? He is our only danger. From all others we can run away; but from him there is no running. He strikes, and there we lie. Turn back! go home! Do not look for the dwelling-place of that dreadful one." But the man kept on, and travelled far away. Now he came to a lodge,—a queer lodge, for it was made of stone; just like any other lodge, only it was made of stone. Here lived the Raven chief. The man entered.

"Welcome, my friend," said the chief of Ravens.

"Sit down, sit down." And food was placed before him.

Then, when he had finished eating, the Raven said, "Why have you come?"

"Thunder has stolen my wife," replied the man. "I seek his dwelling-place that I may find her."

"Would you dare enter the lodge of that dreadful person?" asked the Raven. "He lives close by here. His lodge is of stone, like this; and hanging there, within, are eyes,—the eyes of those he has killed or stolen. He has taken out their eyes and hung them in his lodge. Now, then, dare you enter there?"

"No," replied the man. "I am afraid. What man could look at such dreadful things and live?"

"No person can," said the Raven. "There is but one old Thunder fears. There is but one he cannot kill. It is I, it is the Raven. Now I will give you medicine, and he shall not harm you. You shall enter there, and seek among those eyes your wife's; and if you find them, tell that Thunder why you came, and make him give them to you. Here, now, is a raven's wing. Just point it at him, and he will start back quick; but if that fail, take this. It is an arrow, and the shaft is made of elk-horn. Take this, I say, and shoot it through the lodge."

"Why make a fool of me?" the poor man asked. "My heart is sad. I am crying." And he covered his head with his robe, and wept.

"Oh," said the Raven, "you do not believe me. Come out, come out, and I will make you believe." When they stood outside, the Raven asked, "Is the home of your people far?"

"A great distance," said the man.

"Can you tell how many days you have travelled?"

"No," he replied, "my heart is sad. I did not count the days. The berries have grown and ripened since I left."

"Can you see your camp from here?" asked the Raven.

The man did not speak. Then the Raven rubbed some medicine on his eyes and said, "Look!" The man looked, and saw the camp. It was close. He saw the people. He saw the smoke rising from the lodges.

"Now you will believe," said the Raven. "Take now the arrow and the wing, and go and get your wife."

So the man took these things, and went to the Thunder's lodge. He entered and sat down by the door-way. The Thunder sat within and looked at him with awful eyes. But the man looked above, and saw those many pairs of eyes. Among them were those of his wife.

"No man can enter my lodge and live."

"Why have you come?" said the Thunder in a fearful voice.

"I seek my wife," the man replied, "whom you have stolen. There hang her eyes."

"No man can enter my lodge and live," said the Thunder; and he rose to strike him. Then the man pointed the raven wing at the Thunder, and he fell back on his couch and shivered. But he soon recovered, and rose again. Then the man fitted the elk-horn arrow to his bow, and shot it through the lodge of rock; right through that lodge of rock it pierced a jagged hole, and let the sunlight in.

"Hold," said the Thunder. "Stop; you are the stronger. Yours the great medicine. You shall have your wife. Take down her eyes." Then the man cut the string that held them, and immediately his wife stood beside him.

"Now," said the Thunder, "you know me. I am of great power. I live here in summer, but when winter comes, I go far south. I go south with the birds. Here is my pipe. It is medicine. Take it, and keep it. Now, when I first come in the spring, you shall fill and light this pipe, and you shall pray to me, you and the people. For I bring the rain which makes the berries large and ripe. I bring the rain which makes all things

grow, and for this you shall pray to me, you and all the people."

Thus the people got the first medicine pipe. It was long ago.

WHY THE WEASEL IS WHITE

FRANK B. LINDERMAN

"To-night I will tell you why the Weasel is white in winter," said War Eagle. "Put two sticks on the fire, Muskrat, and listen:

"The day was dark and gloomy in the forest. Rain had been falling steadily since the sun had gone to his lodge in the West the day before. All the forest-people were camped under the big spruce-trees, where the ground is always dry. Even the Winds were still and rested in their camps. Everything was wet, and the world smelled wet. The people that live in the ground, like the Rabbit and the Mink and the Skunk, were in their lodges with their families. Even the

wolves and the other great hunters were at home waiting for the Sun to come to the world again.

"You would not think that a man would be travelling at such a time, but *Old*-man is seldom still. He is always looking for some kind of trouble, and one can find that in any sort of weather. It is plentiful and everywhere, like the grass. *Old*-man was moving about all that time, and so was Win-to-coo, the Man-eating Person.

"*Old*-man was slipping through a dark cedar swamp where the giant trees made so many shadows that the grass did not grow. Rain dripped through the boughs, and there were pools of water in the holes left by trees that had been uprooted by the winds. He was wet and cold, and was thinking about building a fire, when he saw something moving like a shadow among the trees. It was not a shadow, of course, for shadows do not live without the Sun or the Moon. He stopped and watched until he saw it again. It was a Person—a Bad Person. It was Win-to-coo, the Man-eater, and *Old*-man saw him creep behind a big tree.

"Ho! *Old*-man turned and ran as fast as he could go, for he knew all about the Man-eater. He made that Person, himself, you see, and knew he was wicked. He was afraid of him and ran away.

"Win-to-coo was cunning and pretended that he

had not seen *Old*-man. From behind a tree where he stopped he peeped and watched him run away and hide in some willows that grew near a creek that flowed through the forest. When *Old*-man had hidden himself, Win-to-coo started out in another direction, making believe that he had not seen *Old*-man hide. But when he got far enough to fool him, he turned and began to travel in a circle until he came to the willows. He walked softly. He knew just where to look. *Old*-man, believing that Win-to-coo had not seen him, was just crawling from his hiding-place when Swow! the Man-eater grabbed him by the hair. 'I've got you! I've got you, you——'

" 'How! How! my brother,' cried *Old*-man. 'I'm glad to see you. I've been looking for you all day.'

" 'Ho!' said Win-to-coo, 'there's no brother of yours here. So you've been looking for me all day, have you? Liar! Forked-tongue! Cheat! Why did you run out of the cedar swamp when you saw me? Tell me that!'

" 'I saw the Bear and I—I didn't want him to know I was there,' lied *Old*-man. 'I didn't see you, Win-to-coo. I didn't even know you were in this country. Let go of my hair. You're hurting me.'

" 'You didn't see me,' laughed Win-to-coo. 'But you saw the bear. Well, I was there, and I didn't see

"So you've been looking for me all day, have you?"

the Bear, but I saw you. And *now* you see me, don't you? Say! don't you see me *now?*'

" 'Yes, yes, I see you now,' said *Old*-man. 'Of course I see you *now*.'

" 'Well, that is good, because you will never see me again. I'm going to roast and eat you. I am hungry. Everything hides when it rains so long.'

"*Old*-man began to cry: 'Do not eat me, Win-to-coo. Do not kill the man that made you.'

" 'Yes, you made me,' said Win-to-coo, 'and you told me what to do, and I have always done that. Go now and find dry wood under the spruce-trees. Gather a lot of it and pile it up. I want to build a roasting fire to cook you. Don't you try to run away from me. If you do, I will make you hurt longer. Remember that.'

"*Old*-man knew that he could not run away from Win-to-coo. He had made the Man-eater himself, and knew that he could not beat him running. So he began to gather the wood, begging for his life as he worked. 'This wood is all wet. It won't burn, Win-to-coo. Let me go away. Oh, let me go, Win-to-coo.'

" 'Hurry with that wood. You made me and told me how to live,' said the Man-eater. 'Hurry, or I'll——'

" 'I'll hurry, Win-to-coo. I'll hurry. Do not kill me until I get the wood,' begged *Old*-man. He worked

slowly, whining over every stick, but at last he had gathered a pile of dry sticks.

" 'That's enough,' said Win-to-coo. 'Now go and cut a long, strong roasting-stick. Get a good one that will hold you, and not let you drop into the fire.'

"Win-to-coo began to build the fire, and *Old*-man watched him until he saw the blaze creep up through the smaller sticks. Then he began to look for the long, strong roasting-stick. He examined many that were good ones, but he pretended that they would not do. He was stealing time. That was what he was doing. He was looking for some one to help him, and kept calling for helpers in a low voice as he walked about the bushes.

"Win-to-coo's fire had burned up grandly, and he sat beside it, warming his hands. The blaze made him sleepy. His eyelids drooped, opened, drooped again —and he was asleep by his fire.

"*Old*-man saw that the Man-eater was asleep, but he dared not try to run away. When he thought of running, his knees grew weak with fright. He kept pretending to look for the roasting-stick and calling for helpers.

"Just as he leaned over a bush to reach for a stick, a Weasel that had come out of his lodge to see how the weather was, spoke to him:

" 'How, *Old*-man,' said the Weasel. 'What are you looking for? Why don't you stay in your lodge when it rains?'

" 'Oh, my little brother!' cried *Old*-man. 'Oh, brother, I am in trouble. If you will help me, I will do you a favor. I have made the other people handsome, and I will do the same for you if you will help me now. I'll make you change your robe with the seasons—make each robe to look like the country you live in.'

" 'What's the matter?' asked the Weasel.

" 'Look over there by that fire. That is Win-to-coo, the Man-eater. He is going to roast and eat me. I am looking for a roasting-stick for him. I am afraid to run away. He is swifter than I am. I know that, for I made that Person, myself.'

" 'I will see what I can do,' said the Weasel. 'You stand still. Do not make a noise. Do not call for helpers, but wait until I return.'

"The Weasel moves quickly and quietly, you know, and he went close to Win-to-coo at the fire. The Man-eater was fast asleep. His mouth was open and his snoring shook the ground. Each breath that came from the huge body stirred the fur upon the Weasel's back as the wind moves the grass upon the ground, but the

Weasel is brave. He smiled and stepped backward to get a good start, that he might pass Win-to-coo's teeth before he waked. Then, Swow! he ran down the great throat of that wicked Person. Yes, and when once inside, there was nothing that could stop his work—nothing at all. The Weasel is a great warrior and knows where to strike. He ate Win-to-coo's heart, and of course the Man-eater died.

"When the Weasel came out, he said to *Old*-man: 'Well, that Person is dead. Now do as you promised. Do something for me.'

" 'Ho, brave warrior,' said *Old*-man, 'I will do as I promised.' Then he sang:

" 'Oh, Weasel, my Brother, Great Warrior;
You shall have but few enemies.
Even these shall not see you.
Swift as the shadows I have made you.
Fat shall always be upon your body;
You have saved me from Win-to-coo.'

"When he had finished singing he said: 'I give you a white robe for use when the snows come. No snow shall be whiter than you are. But the tip of your tail shall be black to mark you from the other things that are white in winter. I also give you a yellowish-brown robe to wear in the summer-time. In this robe you will

look like the dead trees and logs that lie upon the ground. You will always be hard to see in any season. This will be good for you and bad for your enemies.'

"That is why the Weasel is brown in summer and white in the winter time. Ho!"

THE BOY AND HIS SISTER*

(JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE)

LONG ago there was a little boy who had a sister. These two people lived alone in a little hut where their father and mother had died. One day when this little boy went out, his sister said to him, "Don't shoot at a squirrel when it's near the water." The little boy went out with his bow and arrow. While he was walking along, he heard a squirrel chattering away. The little boy shot the squirrel but did not kill him. He

*The following tale of the Swampy Cree of Northern Manitoba was collected from pupils in the Indian Boarding School, Norway House, Manitoba.

heard a splash in the water and there he saw his arrow. He at once took off his clothes and jumped into the water. As he was nearing the arrow, he said, "Big fish, big fish, swallow me." All at once a great big fish swallowed him. The little boy said to the fish, "Don't bite me, but just swallow me." Now the girl did not know where her brother was. She was very lonesome. One day she thought she would go and fish. She threw the hook into the water. The little boy saw the hook and said to the fish, "Go after that thing." The fish rushed at the hook and was caught. As the woman was cutting it open she heard a voice inside say, "Don't cut me, don't cut me, sister." The girl was so glad that she had found her brother that she fell on his neck and kissed him. The boy went home to have his meal.

After he had had his meal he went out into the bush and the sun burned his moose-skin coat. Now this little boy was very angry and he went to his sister and asked for some hair. He set a snare for the sun. In the morning the sun did not rise. The sister said, "I guess you have done something wrong." The little boy said, "I only set a snare in the bush yesterday. I will go and see it." The boy went out and saw the sun in his snare. He tried to take him off but he was too hot. Then he tried by using insects to bite the hair but he could not do it. He even put mice in the hair, but it was no use.

At last he put a mole in it and the mole bit the hair. The sun rose high in the sky. From that time the mole has never been able to see because the sun burned his eyes.

RIP VAN WINKLE

RIP VAN WINKLE

WASHINGTON IRVING

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their

summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed

that he was a simple good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on

his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were

continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning,

noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods —but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle

Everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence.

as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a

large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs, but when pleased he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would some-

times seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep moun-

tain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it

to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin, strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between the lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks

of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence, for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain; yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short dóublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with

roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of

the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with

liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it—leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no

traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? —the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and his gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant re-

He turned his steps homeward.

currence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same—when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance —there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to

decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large, rickety, wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes —all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King

George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon at-

tracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and,

having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him

too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand; war—Congress—Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does anybody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about se-

curing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice,—

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts

of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon;* being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of him-

self, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of Old England—and that, instead of being a subject of His Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matri-

mony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE.—The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kypphäuser mountain; the sub-

joined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity:—

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this in the villages along the Hudson, all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when I last saw him, was a very venerable old man and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject, taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt. D. K."

Postscript.—The following are travelling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:—

"The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night, to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air, until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

"In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks, and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

"The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers, which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the

foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day, being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaterskill."

NEGRO STORIES

MISS COW FALLS A VICTIM TO MR. RABBIT

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

"Uncle Remus," said the little boy, "what became of the Rabbit after he fooled the Buzzard, and got out of the hollow tree?"

"Who? Brer Rabbit? Bless yo' soul, honey, Brer Rabbit went skippin' 'long home, he did, des ez sassy ez a jay-bird at a sparrer's nes'. He went gallopin' 'long, he did, but he feel mighty tired out, en stiff in his jints, en he wuz mighty nigh dead for sumpin fer ter drink, en bimeby, w'en he got mos' home, he spied ole Miss Cow feedin' roun' in a fiel', he did, en he 'termin' fer ter try his han' wid 'er. Brer Rabbit know mighty well dat Miss Cow won't give 'im no milk, kaze she done 'fuse 'im mo'n once, en w'en his

ole 'oman wuz sick, at dat. But never mind dat. Brer Rabbit sorter dance up 'long side er de fence, he did, en holler out:

" 'Howdy, Sis Cow,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

" 'W'y, howdy, Brer Rabbit,' sez Miss Cow, sez she.

" 'How you fine yo'se'f deze days, Sis Cow?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

" 'I'm sorter toler'ble, Brer Rabbit; how you come on?' sez Miss Cow, sez she.

" 'Oh, I'm des toler'ble myse'f, Sis Cow; sorter linger'n' twix' a bauk en a break-down,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

" 'How yo' fokes, Brer Rabbit?' sez Miss Cow, sez she.

" 'Dey er des middlin', Sis Cow; how Brer Bull gittin' on?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

" 'Sorter so-so,' sez Miss Cow, sez she.

" 'Dey er some mighty nice 'simmons up dis tree, Sis Cow,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en I'd like mighty well fer ter have some un um,' sezee.

" 'How you gwineter git um, Brer Rabbit?' sez she.

" 'I 'low'd may be dat I might ax you fer ter butt 'gin de tree, en shake some down, Sis Cow,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"C'ose Miss Cow don't wanter diskommerdate Brer

Rabbit, en she march up ter de 'simmon tree, she did, en hit it a rap wid'er horns—blam! Now, den," continued Uncle Remus, tearing off the corner of a plug of tobacco and cramming it into his mouth—"now, den, dem 'simmons wuz green ez grass, en na'er one never drap. Den Miss Cow butt de tree—blim! Na'er 'simmon drap. Den Miss Cow sorter back off little, en run agin de tree—blip! No 'simmons never drap. Den Miss Cow back off little fudder, she did, en hi'st her tail on 'er back, en come agin de tree, kerblam! en she comes so fas', en she come so hard, twel one 'er horns went spang thoo de tree, en dar she wuz. She can't go forreds, en she can't go backerds. Dis zackly w'at Brer Rabbit waitin' fer, en he no sooner seed ole Miss Cow all fas'en'd up dan he jump up, he did, en cut de pidjin-wing.

" 'Come he'p me out, Brer Rabbit,' sez Miss Cow, sez she.

" 'I can't clime, Sis Cow,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but I'll run'n tell Brer Bull,' sezee; en wid dat Brer Rabbit put out fer home, en 'twan't long 'fo here he come wid his ole 'oman en all his chilluns, en de las' one er de fambly wuz totin' a pail. De big uns had big pails, en de little uns had little pails. En dey all s'roundid ole Miss Cow, dey did, en you hear me, honey, dey milk't 'er dry. De ole uns milk't en de

young uns milk't, en den w'en dey done got nuff, Brer Rabbit, he up'n say, sezee:

" 'I wish you mighty well, Sis Cow. I 'low'd bein's how dat you'd hatter sorter camp out all night dat I'd better come en swaje yo' bag,' sezee."

"Do which, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Go 'long, honey! Swaje 'er bag. W'en cows don't git milk't, der bag swells, en youk'n hear um a moanin' en a beller'n des like dey wuz gittin' hurtid. Dat's w'at Brer Rabbit done. He 'sembled his fambly, he did, en he swaje ole Miss Cow's bag.

"Miss Cow, she stood dar, she did, en she study en study, en strive fer ter break loose, but de horn done bin jam in de tree so tight dat twuz way 'fo' day in the mornin' 'fo' she loose it. Anyhow hit wuz endurin' er de night, en atter she git loose she sorter graze 'roun', she did, fer ter jestify 'er stummuck. She 'low'd, ole Miss Cow did, dat Brer Rabbit be hoppin' 'long dat way fer ter see how she gittin' on, en she tuck'n lay er trap fer 'im; en des 'bout sunrise wat'd ole Miss Cow do but march up ter de 'simmon tree en stick er horn back in de hole? But, bless yo' soul, honey, w'ile she wuz croppin' de grass, she tuck one moufull too menny, kaze w'en she hitch on ter de 'simmon tree agin, Brer Rabbit wuz settin' in de fence cornder a watchin' un 'er. Den Brer Rabbit he say ter hisse'f:

" 'Heyo, Sis Cow! Whar you gwine?' "

" 'Heyo,' sezee, 'w'at dis yer gwine on now? Hole yo' hosses, Sis Cow, twel you hear me comin',' sezee.

"En den he crope off down de fence, Brer Rabbit did, en bimeby here he come—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity—des a sailin' down de big road.

" 'Mornin', Sis Cow,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'how you come on dis mornin'?' sezee.

" 'Po'ly, Brer Rabbit, po'ly,' sez Miss Cow, sez she. 'I ain't had no res' all night,' sez she. 'I can't pull loose,' sez she, 'but ef you'll come en ketch holt er my tail, Brer Rabbit,' sez she, 'I reckin may be I kin fetch my horn out,' sez she. Den Brer Rabbit, he come up little closer, but he ain't gittin' too close.

" 'I speck I'm nigh nuff, Sis Cow,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'I'm a mighty puny man, en I might git trompled,' sezee. 'You do de pullin', Sis Cow,' sezee, 'en I'll do de gruntin', sezee.

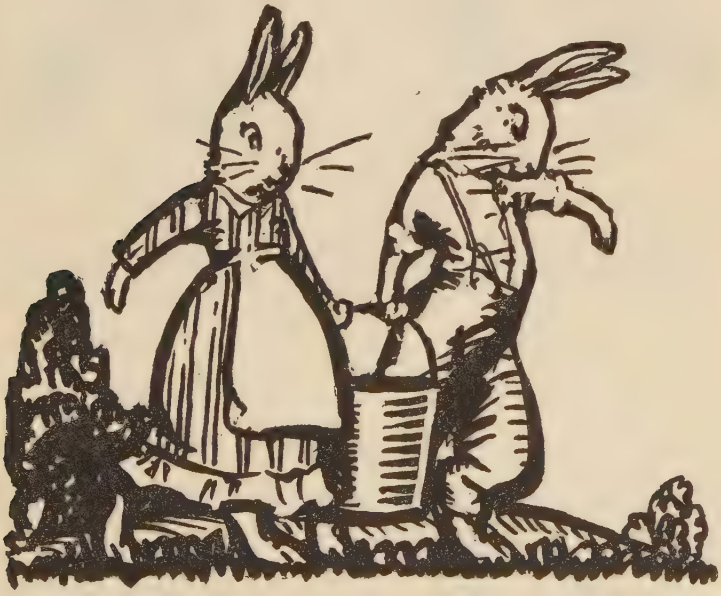
"Den Miss Cow, she pull out 'er horn, she did, en tuck atter Brer Rabbit, en down de big road dey had it, Brer Rabbit wid his years laid back, en Miss Cow wid 'er head down en 'er tail curl. Brer Rabbit kep' on gainin', en bimeby he dart in a brier-patch, en by de time Miss Cow come 'long he had his head stickin' out, en his eyes look big ez Miss Sally's chany sassers.

" 'Heyo, Sis Cow! Whar you gwine?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

" 'Howdy, Brer Big-Eyes,' sez Miss Cow, sez she. 'Is you seed Brer Rabbit go by?'

" 'He des dis minit pass,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en he look mighty sick,' sezee.

"En wid dat, Miss Cow tuck down de road like de dogs wuz atter 'er, en Brer Rabbit, he des lay down dar in de brier-patch en roll en laugh twel his sides hurtid 'im. He bleedzd ter laff. Fox atter 'im, Buzzard atter 'im, en Cow atter 'im, en day ain't kotch 'im yit."



BROTHER RABBIT AND THE MOSQUITOES

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

THE next night Daddy Jack was still away when the little boy went to see Uncle Remus, and the child asked about him.

"Bless yo' soul, honey! don't ax me 'bout Brer Jack. He look lak he mighty ole en trimbly, but he mighty pert nigger, mon. He look lak he shufflin' 'long, but

dat ole nigger gits over groun', sho'. Forty year ergo, maybe I mought er kep' up wid 'im, but I let you know Brer Jack is away 'head er me. He mos' sho'ly is."

"Why, he's older than you are, Uncle Remus!" the child exclaimed.

"Dat w'at I year tell. Seem lak hit mighty kuse, but sho' ez youer bawn Brer Jack is a heap mo' pearter nigger dan w'at ole Remus is. He little, yit he mighty hard. Dat's Brer Jack, up en down."

Uncle Remus paused and reflected a moment. Then he went on:

"Talkin' 'bout Brer Jack put me in min' 'bout a tale w'ich she sho'ly mus' er happen down dar in dat ar country whar Brer Jack come fum, en it sorter ketch me in de neighborhoods er de 'stonishment 'kaze he aint done up'n tell it. I 'speck it done wuk loose fum Brer Jack 'membunce."

"What tale was that, Uncle Remus?"

"Seem lak dat one time w'en eve'ything en eve'ybody was runnin' 'long des lak dey bin had waggin grease 'pun um, ole Brer Wolf——"

The little boy laughed incredulously and Uncle Remus paused and frowned heavily.

"Why, Uncle Remus! how did Brother Wolf get away from Mammy-Bammy Big-Money?"

The old man's frown deepened and his voice was full of anger as he replied:

"Now, den, is I'm de tale, er is de tale me? Tell me dat! Is I'm de tale, er is de tale me? Well, den, ef I aint de tale en de tale aint me, den how come you wanter take'n rake me over de coals fer?"

"Well, Uncle Remus, you know what you said. You said that was the end of Brother Wolf."

"I bleedz ter 'spute dat," exclaimed Uncle Remus, with the air of one performing a painful duty; "I bleedz ter 'spute it. Dat w'at de tale say. Ole Remus is one nigger en de tale, hit's a n'er nigger. Yit I aint got no time fer ter set back yer en fetch out de oggyments."

Here the old man paused, closed his eyes, leaned back in his chair, and sighed. After a while he said, in a gentle tone:

"So den, Brer Wolf done dead, en yer I wuz runnin' on des same lak he wuz done 'live. Well! well! well!"

Uncle Remus stole a glance at the little boy, and immediately relented.

"Yit," he went on, "ef I'm aint de tale en de tale aint me, hit aint skacely make no diffunce whe'er Brer Wolf dead er whe'er he's a high-primin' 'roun' bod-

der'n 'longer de yuther creeturs. Dead er no dead, dey wuz one time w'en Brer Wolf live in de swamp down dar in dat ar country whar Brer Jack come fum, en, mo'n dat, he had a mighty likely gal. Look lak all de yuther creeturs wuz atter 'er. Dey 'ud go down dar ter Brer Wolf house, dey would, en dey 'ud set up en court de gal, en 'joy deyse'f.

"Hit went on dis a-way twel atter w'ile de skeeters 'gun ter git monst'us bad. Brer Fox, he went flyin' 'roun' Miss Wolf, en he sot dar, he did, en run on wid 'er en fight skeeters des es big ez life en twice-t ez natchul. Las' Brer Wolf, he tuck'n kotch Brer Fox slappin' en fightin' at de skeeters. Wid dat he tuck'n tuck Brer Fox by de off year en led 'im out ter de front gate, en w'en he git dar, he 'low, he did, dat no man w'at can't put up wid skeeters aint gwine ter come a-courtin' his gal.

"Den Brer Coon, he come flyin' 'roun' de gal, but he aint bin dar no time skacely 'fo' he 'gun ter knock at de skeeters; en no sooner is he done dis dan Brer Wolf show 'im he do'. Brer Mink, he come en try he han', yit he bleedz ter fight de skeeters, en Brer Wolf ax 'im out.

"Hit went on dis a-way twel bimeby all de creeturs bin flyin' 'roun' Brer Wolf's gal 'ceppin' it's old Brer

Rabbit, en w'en he year w'at kinder treatments de yuther creeturs bin ketchin' he 'low ter hisse'f dat he b'leeve in he soul he mus' go down ter Brer Wolf house en set de gal out one whet ef it's de las' ack.

"No sooner say, no sooner do. Off he put, en 't wa'n't long 'fo' he fine hisse'f knockin' at Brer Wolf front do'. Ole Sis Wolf, she tuck'n put down 'er knittin' en she up'n 'low, she did:

" 'Who dat?'

"De gal, she 'uz stannin' up 'fo' de lookin'-glass sorter primpin', en she choke back a giggle, she did, en 'low:

" 'Sh-h-h! My goodness, mammy! dat's Mr. Rabbit. I year de gals says he's a mighty prop-en-tickler* gentermun, en I des hope you aint gwine ter set dar en run on lak you mos' allers does w'en I got comp'ny 'bout how much soap-grease you done save up en how many kittens de ole cat got. I gits right 'shame' sometimes, dat I does!' "

The little boy looked astonished.

"Did she talk that way to her mamma?" he asked.

"*Shoo*, chile! 'Mungs' all de creeturs dey aint no mo' kuse creeturs dan de gals. Ole ez I is, ef I wuz ter start in dis minnit fer ter tell you how kuse de gals is, en de Lord wuz ter spar' me plum twel I git done, yo'

*Proper and particular.

head 'ud be gray, en Remus 'ud be des twice-t ez ole ez w'at he is right now."

"Well, what did her mamma say, Uncle Remus?"

"Ole Sis Wolf, she sot dar, she did, en settle 'er cap on 'er head, en snicker, en look at de gal lak she monst'us proud. De gal, she tuck'n shuck 'erse'f 'fo' de lookin'-glass a time er two, en den she tipt ter de do' en open' it little ways en peep out des lak she skeer'd some un gwine ter hit 'er a clip side de head. Dar stood ole Brer Rabbit lookin' des ez slick ez a race-hoss. De gal, she tuck'n laff, she did, en holler:

" 'Wy law, maw! hit's Mr. Rabbit, en yer we bin 'fraid it 'uz some 'un w'at aint got no business 'roun' yer!'

"Ole Sis Wolf she look over 'er specks, en snicker, en den she up'n 'low:

" 'Well, don't keep 'im stannin' out dar all night. Ax 'im in, fer goodness sake.'

"Den de gal, she tuck'n drap 'er hankcher, en Brer Rabbit, he dipt down en grab it en pass it ter 'er wid a bow, en de gal say she much 'blige, 'kaze dat 'uz mo' den Mr. Fox 'ud er done, en den she ax Brer Rabbit how he come on, en Brer Rabbit 'low he right peart, en den he ax 'er wharbouts 'er daddy, en ole Sis Wolf 'low she go fine 'im.

" Twa'n't long 'fo' Brer Rabbit year Brer Wolf

stompin' de mud off'n he foots in de back po'ch, en den bimeby in he come. Dey shuck han's, dey did, en Brer Rabbit say dat w'en he go callin' on he 'quaintunce, hit aint feel natchul 'ceppin' de man er de house settin' 'roun' some'rs.

" 'Ef he don't talk none,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'he kin des set up ag'in' de chimbly-jam en keep time by noddin'.'

"But ole Brer Wolf, he one er deze yer kinder mens w'at got de whimzies,* en he up'n 'low dat he don't let hisse'f git ter noddin' front er com'ny. Dey run on dis a-way twel bimeby Brer Rabbit year de skeeters come zoonin' 'round', en claimin' kin wid 'im."

The little boy laughed; but Uncle Remus was very serious.

"Co'se dey claim kin wid 'im. Dey claims kin wid folks yit, let 'lone Brer Rabbit. Manys en manys de time w'en I year um sailin' 'roun' en singin' out '*Cousin! Cousin!*' en I let you know, honey, de skeeters is mighty close kin w'en dey gits ter be yo' cousin.

"Brer Rabbit, he year um zoonin'," the old man continued, "en he know he got ter do some mighty nice talkin', so he up'n ax fer drink er water. De gal, she tuck'n fotch it.

*In these latter days a man with the whimzies, or whimsies, is known simply as a crank.

" 'Mighty nice water, Brer Wolf.' (*De skeeters dey zoon.*)*

" 'Some say it too full er wiggletails,† Brer Rabbit.' (*De skeeters, dey zoon en dey zoon.*)

" 'Mighty nice place you got, Brer Wolf.' (*Skeeters dey zoon.*)

" 'Some say it too low in de swamp, Brer Rabbit.' (*Skeeters dey zoon en dey zoon.*)

"Dey zoon so bad," said Uncle Remus, drawing a long breath, "dat Brer Rabbit 'gun ter git skeer'd, en w'en dat creetur git skeer'd, he min' wuk lak one er deze yer flutter-mills. Bimeby, he 'low:

" 'Went ter town t'er day, en dar I seed a sight w'at I never 'speckted ter see.'

" 'W'at dat, Brer Rabbit?'

" 'Spotted hoss, Brer Wolf.'

" '*No*, Brer Rabbit!'

" 'I mos' sho'ly seed 'im, Brer Wolf.'

"Brer Wolf, he scratch he head, en de gal she hilt up 'er han's en make great 'miration 'bout de spotted hoss. (*De skeeters dey zoon, en dey keep on zoonin'.*) Brer Rabbit, he talk on, he did:

" ' 'Twa'n't des one spotted hoss, Brer Wolf, 'twuz

*The information in parenthesis is imparted in a low, impressive, confidential tone.

†Is it necessary to say that the wiggletail is the embryo mosquito?

a whole team er spotted hosses, en dey went gallin'-up* des lak de yuther hosses,' sezee. 'Let 'lone dat, Brer Wolf, my grandaddy wuz spotted,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Gal, she squeal en holler out:

" 'W'y, Brer Rabbit! aint you 'shame' yo'se'f fer ter be talkin' dat a-way, en 'bout yo' own-'lone blood kin too?'

" 'Hit's de naked trufe I'm a-ginin'† un you,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. (*Skeeter zoon en come closeter.*)

"Brer Wolf 'low 'Well—well—well!' Ole Sis Wolf, she 'low 'Tooby sho'ly, tooby sho'ly!' (*Skeeter zoon en come nigher en nigher.*) Brer Rabbit 'low:

" 'Yasser! Des ez sho' ez youer settin' dar, my grandaddy wuz spotted. Spotted all over. (*Skeeter come zoonin' up en light on Brer Rabbit jaw.*) He wuz dat. He had er great big spot right yer!' "

Here Uncle Remus raised his hand and struck himself a resounding slap on the side of the face where the mosquito was supposed to be, and continued:

"No sooner is he do dis dan ne'r skeeter come zoonin' 'roun' en light on Brer Rabbit leg. Brer Rabbit, he talk, en he talk:

" 'Po' ole grandaddy! I boun' he make you laff, he

*Galloping.

†G hard as in give.

" ' 'Twa'n't des one spotted hoss, Brer Wolf, 'twere a whole team er spotted hosses.' "

look so funny wid all dem spots en speckles. He had spot on de side er de head, whar I done show you, en den he had n'er big spot right yer on de leg,' sezee."

Uncle Remus slapped himself on the leg below the knee, and was apparently so serious about it that the little boy laughed loudly. The old man went on:

"Skeeter zoon en light 'twix' Brer Rabbit shoulder-blades. Den he talk:

" 'B'leeve me er not b'leeve me ef you min' to, but my grandaddy had a big black spot up yer on he back w'ich look lak saddle-mark.'

"*Blip Brer Rabbit tuck hisse'f on de back!*

"Skeeter sail 'roun' en zoon en light down yer beyan de hip-bone. He say he grandaddy got spot down dar.

"*Blip he tuck hisse'f beyan de hip-bone.*

"Hit keep on dis a-way," continued Uncle Remus, who had given vigorous illustrations of Brer Rabbit's method of killing mosquitoes while pretending to tell a story, "twel bimeby ole Brer Wolf en ole Sis Wolf dey lissen at Brer Rabbit twel dey 'gun ter nod, en den ole Brer Rabbit en de gal sot up dar en kill skeeters right erlong."

"Did he marry Brother Wolf's daughter?" asked the little boy.

"I year talk," replied Uncle Remus, "dat Brer Wolf sont Brer Rabbit wud nex' day dat he kin git de

gal by gwine atter 'er, but I aint never year talk 'bout Brer Rabbit gwine. De day atterwuds wuz mighty long time, en by den Brer Rabbit moughter had some yuther projick on han'."*

*This story, the funniest and most characteristic of all the negro legends, cannot be satisfactorily told on paper. It is full of action, and all the interest centres in the gestures and grimaces that must accompany an explanation of Brother Rabbit's method of disposing of the mosquitoes. The story was first called to my attention by Mr. Marion Erwin, of Savannah, and it is properly a coast legend, but I have heard it told by three Middle Georgia negroes.

THE MAN AND HIS BOOTS

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

"You done hear me say dat de creeturs is got mos' ez much sense ez folks, ain't you, honey?" inquired Uncle Remus, one day, when he and the little boy were alone together. The youngster nodded assent. "Well, den," said the old man solemnly, "I'm bleedz ter tell you dat sense don't stan' fer goodness. De creeturs dunno nothin' 'tall 'bout dat dat's good en dat dat ain't good. Dey dunno right fum wrong. Dey see what dey want, en dey git it ef dey kin, by hook er by crook. Dey don't ax who it b'longs ter, ner wharbouts it come fum. Dey dunno de diffunce 'twix what's dern en what ain't dern.

"Miss Sally say no longer'n yistiddy, dat I'd keep on tellin' you deze creetur tales twel bimeby you'll git mix up in de min' en fergit all 'bout yo' Sunday-school

lesson; but I laid down dis pint ter Miss Sally, dat ef a chap 'bout yo' age en size dunno de diffunce 'twix creetur doin's en folks doins', he better be turned out ter graze. I ain't tellin' you deze tales on account er what de creeturs does, I'm a tellin' um on account er de way de creeturs does. How de name er goodness kin folks go on en steal en tell fibs, like de creeturs done, en not git hurted? Dey des can't do it. Dead dog never dies, en cheatin' never th'ives—not when folks git at it.

"One time," Uncle Remus continued, after delivering this little sermon, "dey wuz a man what hear talk er some er Brer Rabbit's doin's—how he lay down in de road whiles a man wuz gwine 'long wid some fishes in a waggin, en how he run 'roun' en lay down ag'in; en keep on doin' dat twel bimeby de man went back atter de fust rabbit he seed, en den Brer Rabbit had a chance fer ter git de fishes—I done mos' fergit dat ar tale off'n my min'. But howsomever hit wuz, de man done hear tell 'bout it, en he 'low ter hisse'f dat he des ez smart ez what Brer Rabbit is.

"So, one day, he got 'im a bran new pa'r er boots wid red tops on um, en whiles he settin' side er de road looking at um, he hear somebody comin' 'long in a waggin. He know'd who de somebody wuz, kaze he seed um on de rise er de hill.

"De man in de waggin had some calico fer ter make his wife a dress, en some blue chany ware fer ter put in de cubberd. De man what had de boots, he tuck'n flung one un um in de road, en hid hisse'f in de bushes fer ter see what de tudder man gwine do.

"Well, suh, de man in de waggin, he come 'long, en he see de boot in de road. He holler at his hoss fer ter 'w'o dar!' en he look at de boot right hard, like he studyin'.

"He 'low, 'Ef dey wuz two un you, I'd take you, but one boot ain't gwine do nobody no good, 'ceppin hit's a wooden-legged man.'

"So he driv on, en de man what lay de boot dar, he put out en went on ahead en flung de yuther boot in de road. De man in de waggin, he come 'long, he did, en he see de yuther boot.

"He 'low, 'Heyo! dish yer boot makes tudder boot good. W'o, dar, hoss! I'll go back en git 'er.'

"Wid dat, he drapt de lines on de dash-board en went back atter de odd boot. Whiles he gone, de man what had de boots tuck de calico en de crockery en made off wid um.

"He hid um in de underbresh, en den he come back en lissen fer ter see what de yuther man gwine do. Well, suh, de yuther man come back wid de boot, en den he had two. Time he clum in de waggin he seed

dat somebody done steal his calico en his crockery, but he ain't say nothin'. He des look at de boots en laugh.

"De man in de bushes ain't know what ter make er dis. He stood dar, he did, en scratch his head en study. He watch de yuther man, en fur ez he kin see him he wuz lookin' at de boots en laughin'. De man in de bushes say he gwineter see what de matter wid dem ar boots, when de yuther man in de waggin kin swap off calico en crockery fer um en still feel good 'nuff fer ter laugh. So de man in de bushes he run 'roun' en head de yuther man off, en met 'im in de road. He come drivin' 'long, still lookin' at de boots en laughin'. Look like when he see de man in de road it make 'im laugh wusser dan befo'.

"De man in de road 'low, 'You mus' be havin' a mighty heap er fun all by yo'se'f.'

"De man in de waggin laugh like he gwine ter bus' wide open. All he kin say is, 'Lawsy massy! deze boots! deze boots! deze boots!'

"De man in de road 'low, 'What de matter wid de boots, dat dey er so mighty funny? Dey ain't look funny ter me.'

"De man in de waggin look like he choke wid laughin. When he ketch his breff he holler, 'Oh, deze boots! deze boots!'

"Man in de road 'low, 'You ain't gwine crazy, is you?'

"Man in de waggin say, 'You'd be crazy too ef somebody had 'a' come 'long en drapt deze boots whar you could git um. Lawsy massy! deze boots!'

"Man in de road 'low, 'What kinder doin's is deze? You better lemme git up dar en take you home ter yo' fambly!'

"Man in de waggin say, 'My folks'll laugh too, when dey know what I knows; en you'd laugh yo'se'f ef you 'd 'a' been comin' long de road en fin' deze boots what got red in de top.'

"Man in de road say, 'I had a pair des like um, en day ain't make me laugh.'

"Man in de waggin say, 'You laugh wusser dan me ef you'd er pick deze boots up in de road en foun' one ten dollar bill in one un um, en anudder ten dollar bill in tudder one.'

"Man in de road 'low, 'Lemme see dem boots!—Dey er mine! Han' um here! I tuck'n los' um yis-tiddy whiles I comin' fum town. Gi' me de money!'

"Man in de waggin shet his eye. He say, 'You right sho they er yone?'

"Man in de road 'low, 'Yes dey is, en I got de proof un it!'

"Man in de waggin say, 'Well en good! Git up here en go along wid me, en show de proof.'

"Man in de road jump up on de wheel, but 'fo' he

"De man in de waggin laugh like he gwine ter bus' wide open."

kin set down de man in de waggin flung 'im back in de waggin body en jump on 'im en tie 'im, en tuck 'im off ter de calaboose. Dar dey make 'im tell what he done wid de calico en de chany ware, en dey kep' 'im, I dunner how long; en 'fo' dey turn him loose dey tuck 'im out en hit 'im thirty-nine on de naked hide.

"Co'se," continued Uncle Remus, seeing a shade of perplexity on the little boy's face, "de man in de waggin ain't fin' no money in de boots. He des puttin' on, so he kin fin' de man what drap um, kaze he know dat right whar he fin' de man dat drap um, right dar he'll fin' de man what stoled his calico en crockery. Dat what make I say dat folks ain't got no business mockin' de way de creeturs does. Dey er bound ter git cotch up wid, en right den dey er in deep trouble. Creeturs kin take what ain't dern, en tell fibs, en dey don't no harm come fum it; but when folks tries it, dey er bleedz ter come ter some bad eend. Now, you des watch um."

"JACKY–MY–LANTERN"*

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Upon his next visit to Uncle Remus, the little boy was exceedingly anxious to know more about witches, but the old man prudently refrained from exciting the youngster's imagination any further in that direction. Uncle Remus had a board across his lap, and, armed with a mallet and a shoe-knife, was engaged in making shoe-pegs.

"W'iles I wuz crossin' de branch des now," he said, endeavoring to change the subject, "I come up wid a Jacky-my-lantern, en she wuz bu'nin' wuss'n a bunch er lightnin'-bugs, mon. I know'd she wuz a fixin' fer ter lead me inter dat quogmire down in de swamp, en

*This story is popular on the coast and among the rice-plantations, and, since the publication of some of the animal-myths in the newspapers, I have received a version of it from a planter in southwest Georgia; but it seems to me to be an intruder among the genuine myth-stories of the negroes. It is a trifle too elaborate. Nevertheless, it is told upon the plantations with great gusto, and there are several versions in circulation.

I steer'd cle'r un 'er. Yasser. I did dat. You ain't never seed no Jacky-my-lanterns, is you, honey?"

The little boy never had, but he had heard of them, and he wanted to know what they were, and thereupon Uncle Remus proceeded to tell him.

"One time," said the old darkey, transferring his spectacles from his nose to the top of his head and leaning his elbows upon his peg-board, "dere wuz a blacksmif man, en dish yer blacksmif man, he tuck'n stuck closer by his dram dan he did by his bellus. Monday mawnin' he'd git on a spree, en all dat week he'd be on a spree, en de nex' Monday mawnin' he'd take a fresh start. Bimeby, one day, atter de blacksmif bin spreein' 'roun' en cussin' might'ly, he hear a sorter rustlin' fuss at de do', en in walk de Bad Man."

"Who, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked.

"De Bad Man, honey; de Ole Boy hisse'f right fresh from de ridjun w'at you year Miss Sally readin' 'bout. He done hide his hawns, en his tail, en his hoof, en he come dress up like w'ite fokes. He tuck off his hat en he bow, en den he tell de blacksmif who he is, en dat he done come atter 'im. Den de blacksmif, he gun ter cry en beg, en he beg so hard en he cry so loud dat de Bad Man say he make a trade wid 'im. At de een' er one year de sperit er de blacksmif wuz to be his'n en endurin' er dat time de blacksmif mus' put in his

"De Bad Man, honey; de Ole Boy hisse'f."

hottes' licks in de intruss er de Bad Man, en den he put a spell on de cheer de blacksmif was settin' in, en on his sludge-hammer. De man w'at sot in de cheer couldn't git up less'n de blacksmif let 'im, en den de man w'at pick up de sludge 'ud hatter keep on knockin' wid it twel de blacksmif say quit; en den he gun 'im money plenty, en off he put.

"De blacksmif, he sail in fer ter have his fun, en he have so much dat he done clean forgot 'bout his contrack, but bimeby, one day he look down de road, en dar he see de Bad Man comin', en den he know'd de year wuz out. W'en de Bad Man got in de do', de blacksmif wuz poundin' 'way at a hoss-shoe, but he wa'n't so bizzy dat he didn't ax 'im in. De Bad Man sorter do like he ain't got no time fer ter tarry, but de blacksmif say he got some little jobs dat he bleedzd ter finish up, en den he ax de Bad Man fer ter set down a minnit; en de Bad Man, he tuck'n sot down, en he sot in dat cheer w'at he done conju'd en, co'se, dar he wuz. Den de blacksmif, he 'gun ter poke fun at de Bad Man, en he ax him don't he want a dram, en won't he hitch his cheer up little nigher de fier, en de Bad Man, he beg en he beg, but 'twan't doin' no good, kase de blacksmif 'low dat he gwineter keep 'im dar twel he promus dat he let 'im off one year mo', en, sho nuff, de Bad Man promus dat ef de blacksmif

let 'im up he give 'im a n'er showin'. So den de blacksmif gun de wud, en de Bad Man sa'nter off down de big road, settin' traps en layin' his progance fer ter ketch mo' sinners.

"De nex' year hit pass same like t'er one. At de 'p'inted time yer come de Ole Boy atter de blacksmif, but still de blacksmif had some jobs dat he bleedzd ter finish up, en he ax de Bad Man fer ter take holt er de sludge en he'p 'im out; en de Bad Man, he 'low dat r'er'n be disperlite, he don't keer ef he do hit 'er a biff er two; en wid dat he grab up de sludge, en dar he wuz 'gin, kase he done conju'd de sludge so dat whosomedever tuck 'er up can't put 'er down less'n de blacksmif say de wud. Dey perlaver'd dar, dey did, twel bimeby de Bad Man he up'n let 'im off n'er year.

"Well, den, dat year pass same ez t'er one. Mont' in en mont' out dat man wuz rollin' in dram, en bimeby yer come de Bad Man. De blacksmif cry en he holler, en he rip 'roun' en t'ar his ha'r, but hit des like he didn't, kase de Bad Man grab 'im up en cram 'im in a bag en tote 'im off. W'iles dey wuz gwine 'long dey come up wid a passel er fokes w'at wuz havin' wunner deze yer fote er July bobbycues, en de Ole Boy, he 'low dat maybe he kin git some mo' game, en w'at do he do but jine in wid um. He jines in en he talk politics same like t'er fokes, twel bimeby dinner-

time come 'roun,' en dey ax 'im up, w'ich 'greed wid his stummuck, en he pozzit his bag underneed de table 'longside de udder bags w'at de hongry fokes'd brung.

"No sooner did de blacksmif git back on de groun' dan he 'gun ter wuk his way outer de bag. He crope out, he did, en den he tuck'n change de bag. He tuck'n tuck a n'er bag en lay it down whar dish yer bag wuz, en den he crope outer de crowd en lay low in de underbresh.

"Las', w'en de time come fer ter go, de Ole Boy up wid his bag en slung her on his shoulder, en off he put fer de Bad Place. W'en he got dar he tuck'n drap de bag off'n his back en call up de imps, en dey des come a squallin' en a caperin', w'ich I speck dey mus' a bin hongry. Leas'ways dey des swawm'd 'roun', hollerin out:

" 'Daddy, w'at you bring— daddy, w'at you bring?'

"So den dey open de bag, en lo en beholes, out jump a big bull-dog, en de way he shuck dem little imps wuz a caution, en he kep' on guyawin' un um twel de Ole Boy open de gate en tu'n 'im out."

"And what became of the blacksmith?" the little boy asked, as Uncle Remus paused to snuff the candle with his fingers.

"I'm drivin' on 'roun', honey. Atter 'long time, de

blacksmif he tuck'n die, en w'en he go ter de Good Place de man at de gate dunner who he is, en he can't squeeze in. Den he go down ter de Bad Place, en knock. De Ole Boy, he look out, he did, en he know'd de blacksmif de minnit he laid eyes on 'im; but he shake his head en say, sezee:

" 'You'll hatter skuze me, Brer Blacksmif, kase I dun had 'speunce 'longer you. You'll hatter go some'rs else ef you wanter raise enny racket,' sezee, en wid dat he shet de do'.

"En dey do say," continued Uncle Remus, with unction, "dat sence dat day de blacksmif bin sorter huv'rin' 'roun' 'twix' de heavens en de ye'th, en dark nights he shine out so fokes call 'im Jacky-my-Lantun. Dat's w'at dey tells me. Hit may be wrong er't may be right, but dat's w'at I years."

LOUISIANA FOLK TALES

COMPAIR TAUREAU AND JEAN MALIN

ALCÉE FORTIER

When Jean Malin was small he became an orphan, and he did not know where to go or what to do. One day he saw a rich lady who was passing in her beautiful carriage, and he asked her to take him with her. As the lady saw that he was a pretty little boy and that he appeared to be very smart, she asked him how old he was. Jean Malin could not say, but he answered the lady that he had heard his mother say that he was born when the peach-trees were in bloom the year the snow fell. The lady took him in her fine carriage to her house, to be her messenger boy and to wait at table. The little fellow soon began to love the lady as if she were his mother, and he was jealous of a rich gentle-

man who came to court the lady every day and wished to marry her.

But I must tell you that the gentleman was a bull who could change himself into a man in the daytime, to come and court the lady, and in the evening he became a bull again to go and eat grass in the park. Jean Malin had noticed that when the gentleman was near his lady love there was no bull in the prairie, and when the bull was in the prairie there was no lover in the parlor. "I will have to watch," said Jean Malin, "there is something strange which I don't understand." He watched, watched, but he took good care not to let Compair Taureau see him. One day, early in the morning, when Jean Malin went to get some wood to light his fire, he saw Compair Taureau on his knees, and saying: "Bouhour, Madjam, fat Madjam, djam, djam, djara, djara," and then, all at once, the bull became a man, and went to see his lady. Ah! I tell you, Jean Malin was afraid, he shivered as if he was very cold.

That very morning the lover took breakfast with the lady and Jean Malin waited on them. He ran sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, as a butterfly, he was so frightened. When they asked him for a plate, he gave bread on a fork, and the lady scolded him. She told him when the lover left, that

she would send him away if he did not do better, and she wanted to know what was the matter with him.

"I know you don't like my lover, but why? What did he do to you? He always treated you well."

"Well, I will tell you, mistress. I am afraid; and if you knew what I know you would be afraid also, and you would not let that man enter your house."

"What is the matter? Tell me immediately or I shall whip you, and put you out for *la gniappe*."

Jean Malin began to cry and he said to the lady: "Know then that your lover is the great bull which is in the park, and that he can change himself into a man and become a bull again to go and eat grass."

The lady was very angry and wanted to beat Jean Malin; but he said: "Mistress, listen to me. When your lover will come again, if I don't prove to you that all I say is true, you can send me away and do what you please with me."

"All right," said the lady; "but remember that you will pay dear for all your lies."

A few days after that the lover came. He was dressed in great style, and Jean Malin said to himself: "I will see the fun to-day," because he knew what to say to make the lover become a bull again.

While they were dining the lady kept looking at Jean Malin to see what he would do. When the gen-

tleman took the pretty fingers of the lady to kiss them, Jean Malin, who was pouring wine into her glass, said the words he had heard the bull utter. Well, if ever you heard a big noise it was on that day: the hat, the trousers, the spectacles, the coat, all the clothes of the gentleman fell on the floor, and he was changed into a bull in the dining-room. He upset the table, broke the plates, the dishes, the glasses, the bottles; he broke down the glass door to escape, and ran into the prairie.

"Well, are you satisfied?" said Jean Malin.

"Yes," said the lady; "you rendered me a great service, and I shall always treat you as my son."

You believe that this is all? Oh no. You will see how Jean Malin got along with the bull which had sworn to kill the fellow that had betrayed him. The boy was always afraid, and whenever he went out he would look around to see if the bull was not there. One day he went to see Compair Lapin,* to ask his advice, and told him in what a bad fix he was.

Compair Lapin said: "Listen to what I am going to tell you. Go into the woods and look for an owl's nest. Take three eggs on a Friday at sunset and bring them to me for me to charm them. Then you will do all you want with Compair Taureau."

*Brer Rabbit.

Well, if ever you heard a big noise it was on that day.

Jean Malin found the three owl's eggs and carried them to Compair Lapin, who made his *grigris* on them with the milk of a black goat, and told Jean Malin what to do.

When Jean Malin was going back to the house of his mistress, he looked around for the bull, for he felt a little anxious, in spite of what Compair Lapin had said. There was the bull, bellowing and looking furious. "Come," said Jean Malin, "you will see how I am going to fix you." Compair Taureau galloped straight at him, and Jean Malin climbed up a tree, for he thought it was more prudent. In one minute, like a squirrel, he was at the top of the tree and the bull stood underneath.

"Now I have you at last: you will have to come down," and he began to strike at the tree with his horns.

Jean Malin laughed at him, and the bull was so angry that he knelt down and said the words to become a man. He immediately was changed into a man with an axe in his hand.

"Come down! don't let me cut the tree; for I will kill you, little rogue."

"Cut, Compair Taureau; I want to see what you can do."

The bull struck with his axe: "gip, gop." You

might have seen the tree tremble at every blow. Then Jean Malin threw one of the owl's eggs on Compair Taureau's shoulder, and his arm fell down on the ground with the axe. The man picked up the axe with his other hand, and "gip, gop," on the tree.

Jean Malin threw the second egg on the remaining arm of the man, and the arm fell on the ground. He picked up the axe with his teeth, "gip, gop," again.

"Now," said Jean Malin, "I will finish you." He threw his third egg on the man's head, and the head fell on the ground. The arms, the legs, the head, the body of the man, began to wriggle like a snake in the fire. Then Jean Malin said: "I want you to become a bull again." He said the magic words, and the head and the arms jumped to the body, and the man became a bull again and galloped away in great haste. From that time he never worried Jean Malin again, for his *grigris* had not been as strong as that of Compair Lapin.

COMPAIR LAPIN AND MADAME CARENCRO

ALCÉE FORTIER

Do you know why buzzards are bald? No. Well, I am going to tell you.

Once upon a time Mme. Carencro was sitting upon her nest on an oak-tree. Her husband was a good-for-nothing fellow, and she was always starving. At the foot of the tree there was a big hole in which a rabbit dwelt. Compair Lapin was large and fat, and every time Mme. Carencro saw him she wished to eat him. One day, while Compair Lapin was sleeping, she took some moss and bricks and closed the hole in the tree. Then Compair Lapin would not be able to get out and would die of hunger.

When Compair Lapin woke up and found out that he was shut up in the hole, he begged Mme. Carencro to let him out, but she replied each time: "I am hungry and I must eat the flesh on your bones."

When Compair Lapin saw that it was of no use to beg, he stopped speaking, but Mme. Carencro was so glad she had caught Compair Lapin that she licked her lips when she thought of the good dinner he would make. As she did not hear Compair Lapin move, she thought he was dead, smothered, and she took away the moss and the bricks which closed the hole. She began to go down the opening, but Compair Lapin made one jump and got out. When he was at some distance he said: "You see, it is you who are caught, and not I."

He ran away and went to stay at the house of one of his friends, because he was afraid to go back into the oak-tree near Mme. Carencro. Some days later Mme. Carencro, who had forgotten Compair Lapin, went to take a walk with her children, who had all come out of their shells. They passed near the house of Compair Lapin's friend. Compair Lapin was glad, and he thought how he could take vengeance on Mme. Carenco. He ran into the kitchen, he took a large tin pan full of burning embers and hot ashes, and when Mme. Carencro and her children passed near the gal-

lery, he threw down on them all that he had in the tin pan, in order to burn them. But you know that buzzards have thick feathers except on the top of their heads. They shook off the embers and ashes, but not quick enough to prevent the feathers on their heads to burn down to the skin.

This is why the buzzards are bald and never eat bones of rabbits.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

THE GREAT STONE FACE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log-huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hill-sides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous

villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton-factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic

They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen.

rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage-door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If

I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much

greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!"

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log-cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobstrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him

a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name—but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life—was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, al-

most within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And, when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked

for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact, when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farm-house. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordi-

nary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then, a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain-side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at

him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of the old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man come, at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw—the very same that had

clawed together so much wealth—poked itself out of the coach-window and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed,—

"He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and

neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be moulded on the defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul,—simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy,—he beheld the marvellous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ig-

noble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain-side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which long ago had been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome

the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aide-de-camp of Old Blood-and-Thunder, travelling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left his work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except

where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself, he turned toward the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain-side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm, served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking an habitual breadth of view, with all his simplicity, he contended that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

"The general! the general!" was now the cry.

"Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk, amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain-side, and there were seen the grand and awful

features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But—as it always did—the aspect of his marvellous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him,—"fear not, Ernest; he will come."

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in

the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by, that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and moulded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain-side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone

Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war,—the song of peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success,—when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates,—after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore,—it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the Presidency. Before this time,—indeed, as soon as he began to grow cele-

brated,—his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz. The phrase was considered as giving a highly favorable aspect to his political prospects; for, as is likewise the case with the Popedom, nobody ever becomes President without taking a name other than his own.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary-line of the state, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature, that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high when it should come.

So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain-side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback; militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvellous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains; so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice, to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music;

for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting, with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is, now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin-brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain-side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more

than heroic, of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvellously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still, Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent: for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches

swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone,—a tranquil and fa-

miliar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fulness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way; and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may

say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

The effect was no less high and beautiful, when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. Then man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the

poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness; she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage-door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great dis-

tance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet-bag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveller a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friend, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued

it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage-door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their minds accorded into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts, so remote, and hitherto so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then,—for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned toward the

Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy; and, when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"They have a strain of the Divinity," replied the poet. "You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived —and that, too, by my own choice—among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even—shall I dare to say it?

—I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness, which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me, in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with

the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted,—

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

TONY BEAVER

BIG MUSIC

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

DOGGONE it! I wished Tony Beaver* would quit being so all-fired reckless! Why, I b'lieve some day that feller'll turn the world right spang upside down jest for to see how would she look thataway! There was more times than one up Eel River when I was skeered right down to bedrock, and would of laid back

*"All over the United States," writes Miss Montague in her preface to "Up Eel River," from which this story is taken, "there appears the legend of a super-lumberman who performs impossible feats. . . . In New England and the Northwest this mythical character appears under the name of 'Paul Bunyan,' and as 'Paul' has figured in several books, and even been honored in a poem, 'Paul's Wife,' by Robert Frost. The present writer stumbled upon the same myth among the lumbermen of West Virginia, only in this locality the hero is known as 'Tony Beaver,' and has his lumber camp 'Up Eel River.' There is no real Eel River in West Virginia, and in local fantasy it is the place where all the impossible things happen. . . ."

my years and shot for home if Tony hadn't of named me the Truth-Teller, and laid a kind of a sacred trust on me, so I knowed I had to stay with the job, and hang onto the truth no matter where it might take me—and it sure tuck me into some strange places.

I'm mighty glad though, I happened to be in camp when the big music busted in, for that sure was a great time, and folks have tole so many lies about it, that I'm glad to give you-all the straight truth in this here tale that's been all tried out with that paper of Tony's and every lie sifted outer it.

Well, Tony sure was fooling with somepen powerful dangerous that time, and yit the whole thing commenced with nothing more'n a little drop of dew: jest pure common dew like what a person kin see any nice summer morning laying over the leaves and grass, and swinging onto the spider webs. That's what started the business, but mebbe even Tony wouldn't of been so reckless if there hadn't a-been so much spite work going on in camp. Aw, you know how it is, sometimes a camp'll all go right sour with spite. Every feller'll have a gredge erginst the next feller, and there'll be more mean tales passing from mouth to mouth behind hands than you kin shake a stick at. Every feller'll git so techy that if a person happens to say "Hand the biscuits" kinder short, 'stead of "I'll thank you for them

sody biscuits, if you please," there'll be a fight and a sulk right that minute.

Well, that was what struck the Eel River camp whilst I was up yonder. Aw, I dunno how the thing come to pass: mebbe it was dog days, or mebbe they vittles had kinder turned erginst 'em, anyhow every feller's temper was on a hair trigger, couldn't nobody open his mouth 'cept for a mean word, all the good healthy cussing and fooling had done went in the ground, and every job was tied up, 'cause there wa'n't no good fellowship to grease the wheels of work.

"What's the matter with this camp is that it's done froze up. What you-all need is somepen that'll git you above yerselves and thaw you out, so's you'll be running all loose and free ergin," Tony says looking around at all them sour dough faces, with they under jaws set, and they lips pouting out. "And I'll jest have to figger out somepen that'll do it," he says.

With that he goes off into the woods all to hisself, for Tony kin allus figger better when he's out in the deep woods all alone.

Well, the very next morning he was 'way off on the top of a high ridge all to hisself jest at sunup, when he ketched a wink from a little dew drop what was laying out there on a bunch of green moss. And seeing's he was all alone, Tony he winked back at the

critter, for you know, stranger—you fellers what's reading this book—a person'll do a heap of nice fool things when there ain't any other feller round to laf.

Well, sirs! the minute he done that, it seemed like somepen inside him jumped up and hollered, "Dew drop! Dew drop! Look at it, you great big two-fisted Jim-bruiser, you ain't never seen a dew drop afore! Look at it! Look at it!"

Tony he did. He jest looked and looked at that dew drop with all the looks he had. It was filled with frosty light, and yit it had a rainbow in it too, and furst the sun would twinkle it on the one side, and then it would twinkle it on the tother. And all the time it kep' setting there so round and pretty, like it was the whole of creation, and knowed a heap more'n it was aiming to tell. That kinder made Tony mad.

"Hey! You doggoned sassy little cuss!" he bawls at it. "Don't you know I could bust yer head off with one finger?"

But the little critter didn't sass him back nor nothing. It jest kep' right on twinkling along there to itself, and the more Tony looked at it, the more awe-struck he got, for he seen he was looking right into the very heart of creation itself.

By now all the little birds had done chirped the sun up right high, and Tony tuck a great skeer that his

little dew drop would melt. So all in a hurry he commenced plucking up leaves and moss to kiver it over. He worked like he couldn't work fast enough, and when he had it all safe, he was dripping wet, and panting like he'd run a mile—for you know a feller's bound to sweat if he aims to beat the sun.

Then, having got sorter acquainted with one dew drop, Tony commenced to see all of 'em like it was for the furst time. 'Peared like, everywhere he'd look the sun was winkling and twinkling dew drops at him. Tony set there in a maze, jest fa'rly carried away with the sight, and seemed like he could hear every last one of them sparklers hollering out at him, "Brother! Brother!"

By now the sun commenced to lap them dew drops up off'n the leaves and spider webs, and all of 'em went like they was glad to go, hopping away in the sun like they was jumping into their daddy's lap.

About then a right peculiar thing come to pass. There was a little feller in camp what all the hands called Fiddling Jimmy, 'count of him allus playing tunes on his fiddle, and now as Tony set there kinder dazed, watching them dew drops hop off into the sun all so round and pretty, it seemed like he heared that little fiddler playing a tune somewhere right close. The tune it come nigher and nigher, 'til d'rectly Tony

thought he was riding erway on it, like he was riding a saw-log down stream. But when the last little dew drop had hopped away to—well to wherever it is they does go—he found hisself still setting there with his mouth gapping open.

"Well, I will be dogged!" he says. "An' *that's* what happens every morning, and me never knowing it afore!"

Then he peeked down at the twinkle of dew he'd saved, and right that minute he knowed he'd ketched there a drop outer the heart of all the world, and that what was in it was the sap in him too, and in all the varmints and critters, and rocks and rivers, and green things in all creation.

When Tony bumped erginst that big thought he goose-fleshed up all over, for he seen he was thinking too wide, and in another pair of seconds he'd slip right out over the edge and be where—well it's the truth, I don't know where he would be! And Tony didn't know neither, but he give a powerful jump back in his mind from all that wide kinder thinking, and it seemed like he couldn't git back where other humans was fast enough. He stuffed his little dew drop into the bosom of his shirt, and lit out for camp so fast he fa'rly burnt the trail up behind him.

Well, when Tony hit camp, and smelled sweat and

sawdust, it eased up that cold feeling down the spine of his back, and he ketched his breath, looking around for a good place to hide his dew drop.

He'd jest got it all kivered up nice under the roots of a white pine when he turns about and seen that little hand by the name of Fiddling Jimmy leaning up erginst a sapling looking at him.

Now there was somepen right peculiar about that little feller. He was mighty clear and wide betwixt the eyes, and had a look like he knowed a heap more'n he could tell with his tongue, so he had to try to git it out by fiddling. Mebbe you remember me speaking of him when I furst hit camp.

Tony seen right off that the little feller sensed he'd been fooling with somepen powerful dangerous, so he lighted into him furst.

"Hey!" he bawls, "what in the thunder was you doing fiddling when every other hand was on the job?"

"Me?" says the tother looking s'prised.

"Yes, *you!* I heared you fiddling out in the woods this morning jest at sunup."

"Jest at sunup!" Jimmy hollers, pricking up his years mighty quick, and looking kinder awe-struck too. "Aw no, Tony, that wa'n't me. *You* know what it was."

"I'll be dogged if I do!" Tony answers him back.

"It was the *big music*," the tother says, letting the words slip right out soft and respectful like.

"THE BIG MUSIC!" Tony whispers, his mouth gapping open, and the goose-flesh walking up the spine of his back ergin.

"Look a-here, Tony, you better tell me all erbout it," the Fiddler says mighty earnest and solemn.

And looking at him Tony seen he'd better. So he hands it all out to him, how he got acquainted with his dew drop, and how all at onced he seen dew drops and everything else different from what he ever had seen 'em afore, and then how the music come so close it seemed like he was riding erway on it.

"Tony, you'd better mind how you go looking and looking at dew drops, and hearing music jest at sun-up," the Fiddler warns him, "or the furst thing you know you'll look a hole spang through to the tother side, and *then* the big music'll bust in on us sure 'nough!"

"Well, I wouldn't keer if the big music *was* to come!" Tony hollers out, looking powerful mad and dangerous. "Things has got mighty hide-bound and mean-spirited round this here camp, and you know there's a heap of spite going on. Mebbe if the big music busts in it'll kinder sweep things cl'ar ergin.

An' anyhow," he lets fly at the Fiddler, "it ain't for *you* to talk! You been fiddling holes all round this camp ever since you struck it. Why look a-here!" he bawls, jabbing his finger into the air. "Here's a place right this minute, where you fiddled 'My Old Kaintucky Home' what's so thin a person kin nigh run his whole hand through it. And what with you all the time playing 'Dixie' and 'The West Virginia Hills,' and all them other tunes, you got the whole place punched as full of holes as a porous plaster, and why we ain't had the big music in on us afore this is a wonder to me!"

"Well, if she comes, she comes! And *I* don't keer!" the Fiddler says cutting a kind of a pigeon-wing.

"I don't keer neither!" Tony hollers out, all fired up. "It's jest the very thing this camp needs. And by the breath of the gray rocks, I'll turn that there dew drop loose to-morrer jest at sunup!"

"*Jest at sunup!* Great Day in the Morning!" Jimmy busts out, his eyes dancing, and him dancing with 'em.

Well, now you-all kin easy see what sorter dangerous doings Tony and the little fiddler was up to that time. They didn't say nothing to nobody, not even to me, but the next morning jest at daybreak, Tony tuck that powerful big cow's horn of hisn that's a whole

sight bigger'n any natcheral born cow ever did have, and standing out there on a gray rock he blowed sech er blast it fetched every feller tumbling outer the bunk-house on the jump.

"Fellers," says Tony, looking mighty strange an' tall in the gray light, "it's glimmering for dawn, and I want you all to take a right good look at this little dew drop, and keep on looking at it when the sun hits it, for it's my belief that not a one of you great big two-fisted Jim-bruisers ever really seen a dew drop afore." With that he showed 'em the little critter still laying on its green moss, all so round and pretty.

Well, that sure was mighty reckless talk, and right that minute old Preacher Moses Mutters, what's allus sech a calamity hunter, tuck a powerful skeer.

"Oh, my *lands*, Tony!" he screeches out, "you'll have us in every kinder trouble d'rectly! Do pray take keer!"

"Man!" says Tony, flashing a criss-cross look at the ole feller that twisted him into a corkscrew, "who ever seen me take keer?"

And it's the truth, not a hand there had ever seen Tony take it.

Well, all us hands done like Tony told us to, and jest looked and looked at that little dew drop. And the more we looked, the more still and awe-struck we got.

"*Great Day in the Morning!* The big music's busted through!"

Fiddling Jimmy had tuck a stand on a cliff er rock at the head er the holler, and he kep' a-looking and a-looking off into the dawn, holding his fiddle, and kinder stretching up on tiptoe like he was listening for somepen. Right about then a yeller strand of sunlight come wavering down the mountain and hit that little dew drop, and the little feller commenced to burn with a spark o' fire, and while we was a-looking at it so awe-struck like, it burned brighter and brighter, 'til it burned itself right up into the sun and was gone. When that happened every feller there felt the stillness inside of him kinder bust wide open, and he knowed he was right on the edge of somepen powerful big.

Jest that minute Fiddling Jimmy, off on his rock, let loose with a powerful yell: "She's busted! She's busted!" he hollers. "*Great Day in the Morning!* The big music's busted through!" And with that he commenced to dance and to fiddle fit to kill hisself.

"Oh, my lands! Somepen terrible is coming!" ole Brother Mutters screeches out, flinging both arms round a right stout pine tree to kinder anchor hisself to the ground.

By now all us fellers could hear the strangest kinder music coming from 'way off yonder somewheres, and it looked like Jimmy's fiddling up there on his rock

was kinder blazing a trail for that tother music to come in by.

Well, *sirs!* the next thing that come to pass, was a whole panel of rail fencing floating over the ridge and down the holler, like it was riding a river a person couldn't see. And *whoop-ee!* In another pair of seconds that panel busted itself all to pieces, and every last one o' them gray rails up-ended and commenced to dance, whirling around and bowing to one another, back and forth and hither and yon!

"O my lands! O my lands! Jest *look* at that now!" pore ole Brother Mutters bellers out, taking a strangle holt of his pine tree, with his hair all bristling up, and his eyes hanging out of his head.

The next thing that come was a fat old lady of a haystack dancing over the ridge and down the holler, bowing and kicking up, and carrying on like she was a two-year-old. And you better b'lieve every hand there made tracks to git outer *her* way in a hurry! Next there come the prettiest little pair of young maple saplings, skipping and dancing with they branches on they hips, and cake-walking along together jest as sassy as you please.

That was jest the beginning! In another pair of seconds the full tide of the big music busted in on us, pouring down the holler in a kind of torrent, like a

river in flood. Every kind of a tune a person ever did hear, and every kind of a critter and varmint and growing thing dancing to the tunes, all of 'em wove together in the wildest sort of a jamboree. There was 'possums and rabbits and ground-hogs, 'til you couldn't rest, and there was b'ars and wild cats in plenty too, and strange critters what never had been seen in these mountains afore. And there was trees and bushes and sawlogs and rocks, all jumbled and dancing together, and tunes—Whoop-ee! Every tune what ever was! A feller could see 'em as well as hear 'em, every color of the rainbow weaving in and out amongst all them dancing critters. Every varmint and critter there blowing along by them tunes was dancing and laffing fit to kill theyselves. A old she b'ar with her cubs come rolling and bounding in, doing a kind of a break-down along a little pink strand of a tune, and laffing so hard she jest natcherly had to clap her paws to her sides to hold 'em in place.

All a feller had to do was jest to jump into a tune and let it carry him on away. For when the *big* music comes it ain't like little musics, you don't dance *to* it, *it* dances you. And you'd *better* dance! For if you try to hold out erginst it, it sure will treat you mighty rough like it done pore old Brother Mutters.

Well, all us hands in the Eel River crew, we jest let

ourselves go to it, and one tune after another picked us up and swirled us off. And all the time Fiddling Jimmy was up there on his rock dancing and fiddling and singing like he was plum *de*stracted.

The fellers they all tuck partners if they could find 'em, but if they couldn't they jest flapped they arms and danced by theyselves. The Sullivan feller picked him out a right stout saw-log, and danced so hard with it that the chips flew outer the log like pop-corn hopping outer a hot griddle. That little Eyetalian hand, he found a monkey along of all the stream of foreign critters the music fetched in. They two sure was glad to see one another, and stepped off together to the strangest kind of a wild dance ever was seen up Eel River. I can't reely tell you what-all I danced with I was so busy watching the tother fellers.

But *whoop-ee!* I wished you-all could of seen Big Henry, doing the polka with that old lady haystack what come over the ridge at the start! Big Henry was sorter bashful at the beginning, but onced they got acquainted, they cert'n'y was dancers from Dancerville! That haystack for all she was right up in years, sure was a light stepper. And courtesy—Great Day! She'd draw off from Big Henry and bob right down to the ground and up ergin, and never drap a straw! Big Henry cert'n' was taken with her, and the last the fel-

lers seen of the two together they was going on down the stream of music with Big Henry's arm around the lady's waist—as fer that is as it would go—and him talking matrimony to her to the tune of "I seen my lover go round the bend."

Tony Beaver jest danced with every last thing and critter that come by. Furst off he tuck up with a big gray rock what come footing it down the ridge early in the game. "Hey, brother! Fall to it!" Tony sings out, and they ketched aholt of one another some way, and had a high old time together. But it's the truth, that rock was so all-fired heavy every step it tuck it went down waist deep in the music, and splashed the tunes and songs up all over everybody like they was showers of rain. And having the music splashed over 'em like that jest sent every feller off dancing harder'n ever.

Well, Tony he danced with his rock a spell, and then he broke loose from it and tuck a whirl around with a whole string of little young squirrels, what come by all sorter strung together, frisking they tails and jumping and barking and cracking out jokes like they was cracked nuts. Then Tony he tuck up with a field mouse and a hoppy toad, what was riding around together on the tune of "A frog he would a-wooing go." And then he danced a spell with a dogwood tree

what had all busted out in full bloom ergin, though its right time of flowering was over and done with nigh a month back. It sure was a pretty sight to see that tree all kivered over with its white blooms, as graceful as a young bride, with its branches waving and twinkling to the tunes. Tony he had it for a partner for a right smart spell, and after that he danced with any and every thing that come by, and between whiles he'd kick up high and low, and whirl round all to hisself.

But about then, that little boy what's sech a great buddy of Tony's got wind of the jamboree, and come a-running and a-limping into the camp as best he could on his crippled foot, holding out his hands and hollering, "*Take me!* Take me, Tony! I wan'a dance too!"

"*Sure!* Come on, buddy! *You* kin dance to the big music with the best of 'em!" Tony hollers back, ketching aholt of him, and yonder the two of 'em went off together, laffing and dancing, bounding, whirling around, and carrying on with every last tune in the bunch, and I'll be dogged if that there little feller, for all his crippled foot, didn't outdance the whole shooting match.

It sure was one of the biggest sights a feller ever did see, all them hands and critters dancing and laffing there together, with the pink tunes and blue ones and

red and yeller, whirling 'em all about; and Fiddling Jimmy up there on his rock, fiddling and singing, and jest carried away in a kind of a glorification.

It was a funny thing what kind of a tune the different critters would pick out to be danced by. It's like I say, when the big music comes it dances you, you don't dance to it, but every feller's free to pick his own tune. Take that string of thorn bushes now, the pretty little round kind that a person kin see most any time growing in a old run-out field: they come dancing in to the tune of "Here we go 'round the mulberry bush." All they little leaves was winkling and twinkling and clapping theyselves together, and all of 'em was giggling out the prettiest little green giggles a person ever did hear.

It was all right for them bushes to pick a baby song like that, but it sure was a funny thing to see them powerful big steers of Tony's jest natcherly carried away by the tune of "Bye Baby Bunting." When it come by in all that tangle of music, them beasts they jest got right up on they behind legs, slung they tails over they arms and let it walse 'em away for mile upon mile. Them critters is so powerful and large that when they dances they tromples down trees and kicks great cliffs of rock outer the mountain side, and I bet "Bye Baby Bunting" never had no sech a swath cut to *it*

afore. But pshaw! A person can't never say *what* they'll do when the big music busts in.

And it's like I say, when it comes you better mind and dance, or you're mighty apt to see the same rough time ole Brother Moses Mutters seen. That ole preacher, pore feller! He sure did set a great store by his soul, and he was allus powerful oneasy for fear it might git lost, and if it *was* lost what in the H—— Excuse me! What in the *thunder* would he have to travel on when he hit the next world?

So when he seen them rails dancing over the ridge, and heard the big music coming, he knowed they was in for somepen all outer plum with his kinder religion, and he ketched aholt of that pine tree like I said to sorter anchor hisself down, for he knowed dancing was a sin and powerful onhealthy for the soul. But pshaw! I tell you, you *got* to dance when the big music hits you! And try as he might that pore ole feller jest *couldn't* keep both foots to the ground at onced. Furst one little tune and then another'd come tickling round, and h'ist his leg up in time to it, and 'fore he could holler out, "*Aw my soul!*" and git that foot jammed down nice and pious to the ground ergin, here'd be the tother up in the air shaking a dance step to every jig that come by. It sure was a right pitiful sight to see that poor old feller hanging on tight to his pine tree,

trying so hard to save his soul, while furst one leg and then the tother was danced out from under him, and waving up in the air like a cat shaking its foot when it steps in water. His ole buddy Ain't-That-So had been

swept off by the tunes long since, for he ain't got the staying powers of the preacher.

But d'rectly his pine tree failed Brother Mutters too! Whoop-*ee!* When the full tide of that music come down the holler, that tree give a great heave and a bound, and busting its roots loose, it jumped up outer the ground, and commenced to toss its branches and to dance with the best of 'em, swirling pore ole Brother Mutters round and round with it, high and low, up and down.

Well, *sirs!* That ole pine it muster lost *its* soul long since, for it sure did take to dancing natcheral! And you better b'lieve it was a strange sight to see that tree dancing for all it was wurth, with the pore ole preacher feller dangling on to its trunk, his coat tails spread out right straight behind him, and him groaning and moaning over his soul. He didn't want to dance with the tree, but onced he'd got aholt of it, he was skeered to let loose. And looked like the tree didn't want to dance with him nother, for it jest turned itself loose and did every kind of a scan'lous worldly step a person ever heard tell of, fox-trotting and cheek-dancing with the ole feller 'til you couldn't rest. And every now and ergin if the preacher wa'n't mighty spry the tree'd tromp down right hard on his toes—and you all know a pine tree ain't got no light tread.

But after a spell the tree, it got plum out-*done* with sech a flat-footed, mean-spirited partner, and it give a great bound and a kick and slung Brother Mutters up to a high ledge of rock 'way above all that tide of music. After that the pine tree hucked branches with a red oak, and the two of 'em went down stream together kicking out jigs and cutting pigeonwings and dancing so hard the sap sweated out in great beads all over 'em.

Ole Brother Mutters, he lay up there on his ledge

all tousled to pieces, yammering and moaning and panting out, "Oh my soul! *It's lost! It's lost!*" and peeking down over the edge at all that swirl of music and dancing down below, like he was looking to see where his soul had done went. The hands and critters what was dancing, they got pretty nigh tickled to death over the old feller and his soul, and 'fore they hardly knowed it, they was all dancing out a game, acting like they was hunting for the preacher's soul. They made up a little song, "Has anybody seen Brother Mutters's soul?" It went off real nice to the tune of "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" 'Course Tony Beaver, *he* had to start the thing. Him and his little buddy walsed over to Big Henry and his haystack, splashing the music up every which away as they come, and bows and sings out, "Has anybody seen Brother Mutters's soul?" Big Henry and his partner, they danced it on to that string of little young squirrels, Big Henry he bowed to the squirrels, and the hayrick she bobbed a courtesy to 'em, and both together they sings, "Has anybody seen Brother Mutters's soul?" The squirrels they jerked they tails and frisked and barked it out all up and down the line, 'til d'rectly the whole shooting match, hands and critters, trees, rocks, and varmints, was all doing the ladies' chain to the tune of "Has anybody seen Brother Mutters's soul?"

all of 'em skipping and laffing fit to bust they heads off. It sure was scan'lous, but it's the truth when the big music is dancing you around, the thing that'll tickle you most is to have anybody think they *kin* lose they souls.

And all the time Fiddling Jimmy stood up there on his rock, with all that stream of music and dancing critters splashing and bobbing and whirling past him. One little tune after another'd come lapping up round his ankles, asking him to come on with it, but he jest kep' on where he was, fiddling and dancing all to hisself, and waiting. And then, by and by, a wonderful big tune come rolling in, that was bigger and grander than any of us rough hands up Eel River ever had heard afore. It was all blue in the middle where the soft notes was, and pink up high, and way down gray in the low notes. It come in to a long thundering march, mighty solemn and beautiful, like the skies had opened and stood back for to let it come through, and like it was rolling outer the heart of all creation. Fiddling Jimmy, he tuck one look at that big tune and hollers out, "*Here I am!*" mighty high and joyful, like they'd been a-looking for one another since the world commenced, and with that he jumped right out into the heart of it. The tune it never broke its stride, but it ketched the little fiddler up, and went on rolling

away all so grand and beautiful. And all them other little tunes, they drawed up on both sides and all the dancers with them, making a kinder rainbow lane of sound, as you might say, for that big tune and the fiddler to pass down. After that—? Well, that was all. The minute that big tune passed away, all the rest of the big music sorter gathered itself together and blowed off to—Well, to wherever it had come from. The sound and the sight of it all died away; the hole where it had busted through closed right up tight; all the critters and varmints scuttled away into the woods, the trees jumped back into the ground, and in the shake of a lam's tail there wa'n't nothing to show for it all but jest a few gray rocks laying around outer place, a little dogwood sapling in full bloom a month outer season, a parcel of husky hands all outer breath, and ole Brother Moses Mutters still lamenting up there on his ledge. Fiddling Jimmy we never did see no more, but we didn't feel too bad about that 'cause the feller looked so all-fired happy when him and that there big tune ketched hands and danced off together thataway.

But every hand there felt mighty limber and free. All the meanness and spite work was clean swep' away, for we'd seen a dew drop for the furst time, and we'd

danced to the big music, and we was all kinder stretched up above our common selves.

More'n that there was another grand big thing come outer it all. Whilst we was all laying round, sorter ketching our breaths, and feeling mighty friendly to each other 'count of all the spite work having clean blowed away, all to onced that little buddy of Tony's hollers out, "Aw, *look!* Look at *me*, Tony!"

And when we looks there was the little feller, running and jumping, and cutting up capers jest to beat the band, for I'll be dogged if the big music hadn't straightened his crippled foot all out, so's it was jest as limber and free as the tother.

"Aw, *look*, Tony! Watch me—*watch!*" he kep' a-hollering out, jumping and cutting up, and laffing all carried away with hisself.

Well, sirs! All us hands bust loose with a great shout at that, and Tony ketched his little buddy high up on his shoulder and went off into another wild dance, with the young-un setting up there, his arm hugged right tight round Tony's neck, kicking his heels, and singing out a little song, "I kin walk! I kin walk! Tony, I kin walk!"

For you see, strangers, that little feller had danced to the big music jest right. He hadn't helt back or

been mean-spirited or skeered, he'd jumped right into the middle of it and let it dance him on away jest anywheres it pleased.

And that's what you better mind and do too. If the big music comes, you mind and dance to it, for if you don't you're mighty apt to git treated like it done Preacher Moses Mutters. That ole brother, pore feller! His coat tails was all tore to strings, his whiskers was raveled out, and it's the *truth!* he ain't had a sprig of hair on his head from that day to this—no, sir! *Not one sprig!*

And if any of you readers don't trust me and the lie-paper to hand you out the truth, all you have to do is to go up Eel River for yerself, and any hand there kin show you a kind of a crinkled place on the face of one of the highest cliffs up yonder, what marks the spot where the big music busted in—and *then* mebbe you'll know the truth when you see it!

PAUL BUNYAN STORIES

THE WINTER OF THE BLUE SNOW

JAMES STEVENS

PAUL BUNYAN was the one historian of the useful and the beautiful; other writers of history tell only of terrible and dramatic events. Therefore the chronicles of Paul Bunyan, the mighty logger, the inventor of the lumber industry, the leader-hero of the best band of bullies, the finest bunch of savages, that ever tramped the continent, the master orator of a land that has since grown forests of orators—his chronicles alone tell of the Winter of the Blue Snow.

The blue snow fell first in the North. It fell scantily in its earlier hours, its sapphire flakes floating down on the waves of a mild winter wind, and glittering in an

ashen gold light, a sober pale radiance which shimmered through silver mists. There was poetry in the spectacle of these hours. And then the hard gray ground of a peopleless land was hidden under a blanket of dark blue. And the nameless frozen lakes and rivers, the silent valleys and the windy hills of the country were all spread over with a sky-dyed snow. When the last light of this day went out, the boughs of the great pines were creaking under heavy wet masses of snow like torn bales of blue cotton. There was a rush in the snowfall now, as a fiercer wind whipped it on; its heavy flakes were driven down in thick, whirling clusters, in streaming veils, leaping lines and dashing columns; and there were cloudlike swarms of the blue flakes, which settled slowly, floating easily in the hard wind. This wind got so strong that it shivered the timber, and the piles of blue snow which had gathered on the pine boughs were shaken down. Most of this snow fell into blue mounds around the trees, but some of it fell on the fauna of the forest, adding to their trouble-ment.

At the time of the Winter of the Blue Snow, the forest creatures of this land lived a free and easy life. Man was not there to embarrass them with accusations of trespass and to slay them for their ignorance of the crime. Their main problem was the overcrowding of

the forests. The vast moose herds, who populated the woods so densely that traffic through their favorite timber was dangerous, made the matter of getting food a simple one for the carnivorous animals. There were many moose to spare, and the elders of the herds, like most prolific parents, never became frantically resentful over the loss of an offspring. The moose themselves, of course, lived easily on the crisp, juicy moose grass which grew so plenteously in these regions before the blue snow. So the carnivorous creatures of the forests lived a fast and furious life; and it is certain that if they were capable of praise, they had good praises for the moose meat which they got with such little difficulty. The coal-black bruins of the North were an especially happy crowd. Theirs was a gay, frolicsome life in the summer time, when the big bruins danced and galloped through sunny valleys and the small ones had rolling races on shady hillsides. In the fall, all fat and drowsy from moose meat, the bruins would go to sleep in their warm caves and dream pleasantly all winter.

They were all dreaming now; and the blue snow would no doubt have fallen and melted away without their knowledge had it not been for the moose herds which crowded the forest aisles. Moose at that time did not have it in them to enjoy wonder, and they had

not learned to combat fear, for they were never afraid. Still, they had some imagination, and the moose trembled when the first blue snowflakes fell among them. They kept up an appearance of unconcern at first, eating moose moss as usual; but they sniffed gingerly at the blue streaks in it, and they stole furtive glances at each other as they bravely ate. This strange snowfall was certainly breeding fear of it in the hearts of all the moose, but each one seemed determined to be the last one to show it. However, as the day-end got near, and the wind grew more boisterous, shaking snow masses from the trees, some of the moose had fits of trembling and eye-rolling which they could not conceal. When a heap of snow dropped on the back of some timid moose, he would twist his head sharply and stare with bulging eyes at the mysteriously fearsome color, then he would prance wildly until the unwelcome snow was bucked from his shivering back. When the early shadows of evening came among the trees, the moose all had a heavy darkness of fear in their hearts. Little was needed to put them in a panic.

It was a great bull moose, a herd king, who forgot the example he owed to his weaker kindred and unloosed a thunderous bellow of terror which started the moose flight, the first memorable incident of the Win-

ter of the Blue Snow. An overladen bough cracked above him; it fell and straddled him from quivering tail to flailing horns, burying him under its wet blue load. He reared out roaring, and his own herd echoed the cry; then a storm of moose bellows crashed through the forest. This tumult died, but there followed the earth-shaking thunder of a stampede.

The bruins, awakened from their pleasant dreams, came out from their caves and blinked at the hosts of terrified moose which were galloping past. The earth-shaking uproar of the flight at last thoroughly aroused the bruins, and they began to sniff the air uneasily. Then they noticed the blue snow; and now in front of every cave crowds of bruins were staring down at the snow; and each bruin was swaying heavily, lifting his left front foot as he swayed to the right, and lifting his right front foot as he swayed to the left. The bruins had no courage either, and, once they had got sleep out of their heads, nearly all of them took out after the moose herds. The wind roared louder with every passing minute this night. And the flakes of the blue snow were as dense as the particles of a fog. At dawn a blue blizzard was raging. But the fauna of the forest plunged tirelessly on, seeking a refuge of white snow.

And Niagara, made faithless by the Blue Terror, galloped behind them—Niagara, the great moose hound, bread-winner for the student of history, Paul Bunyon (his real name), and his companion also.

Paul Bunyon lived at Tonnere Bay. He dwelt in a cave that was as large as ten Mammoth Caves and which had a roof loftier than any tower or spire. But this cave was none too vast for Paul Bunyon, the one man of this region, but one man as great as a city of ordinary men. His tarpaulins and blankets covered one-fourth of the cave floor; his hunting clothes, traps and seines filled another quarter; and the rest of the space was occupied by a fireplace and his papers and books.

For Paul Bunyon was a student now. There had been a time when he had gone forth in the hunting and fishing season to gather the huge supplies of provender which he required, but now his days and nights were all spent with his books. Paul Bunyon's favorite food was raw moose meat, and after he found Niagara in the Tall Wolf country he no longer needed to hunt. Each night Niagara trotted out in the darkness and satisfied his own hunger, then he carried mouthfuls of moose to the cave until he had a day's supply of meat for his master. Niagara was ever careful not to frighten the moose herds; he hunted stealthily and

with quiet. The moose at night were only conscious of a dark cloud looming over them, then numbers of the herds would disappear without painful sound. The moose, if they had thought about it, would have been only thankful to Niagara for lessening the congestion of the forests.

So Paul Bunyon fared well on the moose meat which Niagara brought him, and he lived contentedly as a student in his cave at Tonnere Bay. Each day he studied, and far into the night he figured. Taking a trimmed pine tree for a pencil, he would char its end in the fire and use the cave floor for a slate. He was not long in learning all the history worth knowing, and he became as good a figurer as any man could be.

Vague ambitions began to stir in his soul after this and he often deserted his studies to dream about them. He knew he would not spend his days forever in the cave at Tonnere Bay. Somewhere in the future a great Work was waiting to be done by him. Now it was only a dream; but he was sure that it would be a reality; and he came to think more and more about it. The books were opened less and less; the pine tree pencil was seldom brought from its corner. Paul Bunyon now used another pine tree which still had its boughs; it was a young one, and he brushed his curly black beard with it as he dreamed. But he was still a con-

tented man at the time of the Winter of the Blue Snow, for his dreams had not yet blazed up in a desire for any certain attainment.

On the first day of the blue snow, Paul Bunyon was in a particularly contented mood. He sat all that day before his fire; so charmed with drowsy thoughts was he that he did not once look out. It had been dark a long time before he rolled into his blankets. He awoke at the dawn of a day that had scarcely more light than the night. He was cold, and he got up to throw an armful of trees on the fire. Then he saw the blue drifts which had piled up before the cave, and he saw the fog of the blue blizzard. He heard the roar of a terrific wind, too, and he knew that the storm was perilous as well as strange. But Paul Bunyon thought gladly of the blue snow, for it was a beautiful event, and the historians he liked most would write wonderful books about it.

He kicked the drifts away from the cave entrance, but the usual pile of slain moose was not under them. Paul Bunyon was a little worried, as he thought that Niagara might have lost himself in the blue blizzard. The possibility that the unnatural color of the storm might send the fauna of the forest, and Niagara as well, into panicky flight did not occur to him. He was

sure that Niagara would return with a grand supply of moose meat when the blue blizzard had passed.

But the moose herds were now far to the North, fleeing blindly from the blue snow. The bruins galloped after them. Before the day was over, Niagara had overtaken the bruins and was gaining on the moose. At nightfall his lunging strides had carried him far ahead of all the fauna of the forest. He galloped yet faster as he reached the blacker darkness of the Arctic winter. Now the darkness was so heavy that even his powerful eyes could not see in it. . . . Niagara at last ran head-on into the North Pole; the terrific speed at which he was travelling threw his body whirling high in the air; when Niagara fell he crashed through ninety feet of ice, and the polar fields cracked explosively as his struggles convulsed the waters under them. . . . Then only mournful blasts of wind sounded in the night of the Farthest North.

The moose were wearied out before they reached the white Arctic, and hordes of them fell and perished in the blizzard; many others died from fright, and only a tiny remnant of the great herds survived. Some of the bruins reached the polar fields, and they have lived there since. Their hair had turned white from fright, and their descendants still wear that

mark of fear. Others were not frightened so much, and their hair only turned gray. They did not run out of the timber, and their descendants, the silver-tip grizzlies, still live in the Northern woods. The baby bruins were only scared out of their growth, and their black descendants now grow no larger than the cubs of Paul Bunyon's time.

Being ignorant of this disaster, Paul Bunyon was comfortable enough while the blizzard lasted. He had a good store of trees on hand and his cave was warm in the storm. He got hungry in the last days; but this emotion, or any emotion, for that matter, could have but little power over him when he was dreaming. And he dreamed deeply now of great enterprises; his dreams were formless, without any substance of reality; but they had brilliant colors, and they made him very hopeful.

The sun shone at last from a whitish blue sky, and the strange snow fell no more. A snapping cold was in the land; and pine boughs were bangled and brocaded with glittering blue crystals, and crusty blue snow crackled underfoot.

Paul Bunyon strapped on his snow shoes and started out through the Border forests in search of Niagara. His was a kingly figure as he mushed through the pine trees, looming above all but the very tallest of them.

He wore a wine-red hunting cap, and his glossy hair and beard shone under it with a blackness that blended with the cap's color perfectly. His unique eyebrows were black also; covering a fourth of his forehead above the eyes, they narrowed where they arched down under his temples, and they ended in thin curls just in front of his ears. His mustache had natural twirls and he never disturbed it. He wore a yellow muffler this morning under his virile curly beard. His mackinaw coat was of huge orange and purple checks. His mackinaw pants were sober-seeming, having tan and light gray checks, but some small crimson dots and crosses brightened them. Green wool socks showed above his black boots, which had buckskin laces and big brass eyelets and hooks. And he wore striped mittens of white and plum color. Paul Bunyon was a gorgeous picture this morning in the frozen fields and forests, all covered with blue snow which sparkled in a pale gold light.

That day and the next, and for five more days, he searched in vain for Niagara; and neither did he see any moose herds in the woods. Only the frost crackles broke the silences of the deserted blue forests. And at last Paul Bunyon returned to his cave, feeling depressed and lonely. He had not thought that the companionship of Niagara could mean so much to him.

In his mood of depression he forgot his hunger and made no further effort to find food.

Lonely Paul Bunyon lay sleepless in his blankets this night, his eyes gleaming through hedgelike eyelashes as their gaze restlessly followed the red flares that shot from the fire and streaked the walls and roof of the cave. He did not realize that his first creative idea was now struggling for birth. He could yet feel no shape of it. He was only conscious of an unaccustomed turmoil of mind. Wearied with fruitless thought, he at last fell into a doze. But Paul Bunyon was not fated to sleep this night. A sustained crashing roar, as of the splintering of millions of timbers, brought him up suddenly; it was hushed for a short second; then a thudding boom sounded from Tonnere Bay. Paul Bunyon leaped to the cave door, and in the moonlight he saw a white wave of water rolling over the blue beach. It came near to the cave before it stopped and receded. He pulled on his boots, and two strides brought him down to the bay. It had been covered with ice seven feet thick, and the cakes of this broken ice were now tossing on heaving waters. Now Paul Bunyon saw two ears show sometimes above the billows; they were of the shape of moose ears, but enormous as his two forefingers. Paul Bunyon waded out into the waters, and he reached these ears a mile

from shore. He seized them without fear and he lifted . . . now a head with closed eyes appeared . . . shoulders and forelegs . . . body and hips . . . rear legs and curled tail. It was a calf, newborn apparently, though it was of such a size that Paul Bunyon had to use both arms to carry it.

"*Nom d'un nom!*" exclaimed Paul Bunyon. "*Pauvre petite bleue bête!*"

For this great baby calf was of a bright blue hue which was neither darker nor lighter than the color of the beautiful strange snow. A blue baby ox calf. For such was its sex. Its ears drooped pitifully, and its scrawny, big-jointed legs hung limply below Paul Bunyon's arms. A spasmodic shiver ran from its head to its tail, and its savior was glad to feel this shiver, for it showed that life remained. Paul Bunyon was touched with a tenderness that drove out his loneliness. "*Ma bête,*" he said. "*Mon cher bleu bébé ausha.*"

He turned back through the waters, and the ice cakes pounded each other into bits as they rolled together in his wake. In thirty seconds Paul Bunyon was back in his cave. He spread out his blankets in front of the fire, and he laid Bébé upon them.

Through the night Paul Bunyon worked over the blue ox calf, nursing him back to warm life; and in the morning Bébé was breathing regularly and seemed

to rest. Paul Bunyon leaned over to hear his exhalations, and the blue ox calf suddenly opened his mouth and caressed Paul Bunyon's neck with his tongue. Paul Bunyon then discovered that he was ticklish in this region, for the caress impelled him to roll and laugh. The serious student Paul Bunyon had never laughed before; and he now enjoyed the new pleasure to the utmost.

"*Eh, Bébé!*" he chuckled. "*Eh, Bébé! Sacre bleu! Bon bleu, mon cher!*" Bébé raised his eyelids with astonishment upon hearing this cave-shaking chuckle, revealing large, bulging orbs which were of even a heavenlier blue than his silken hair. Such affection and intelligence shone in his eyes that Paul Bunyon wished he would keep his eyes opened. But Bébé was weary and weak, and he closed them again.

He is hungry, thought Paul Bunyon; and he went out to find him food. None of the animals he knew about could supply milk for such a calf as this blue Bébé. But he was newborn and his parents should be somewhere in the neighborhood. Paul Bunyon stepped up on the cliff over which Bébé had bounced when he fell into Tonnere Bay. From here a wide swath of smashed timber ran straight up the side of the tallest Northern mountain. It was here that Bébé had made his thunderous roll of the night before.

It was then that Bébé first showed the depth and circumference of his natural appetite.

Six strides brought Paul Bunyon to the mountain-top. One of its jagged peaks was broken off, showing where Bébé had stumbled over it and fallen. Then Paul Bunyon followed the calf tracks down the land side of the mountain. For two hours he trailed them, but they grew fainter as he went on, and in the Big Bay country the last fall of the blue snow had covered them. Paul Bunyon now had no doubt that Bébé's mother had been frightened by the strange color of the snow and that his blueness was a birthmark. Like Niagara and the fauna of the forest, the parents had stampeded, forgetting the little one. It was no use to search for them.

Paul Bunyon circled back through the forest and gathered a great load of moose moss before he returned to the cave. This rich food would meet the lack of milk. Bébé was asleep before the fireplace when Paul Bunyon returned, and he still slumbered while his friend prepared him some moose moss soup. But when a kettle full of steaming odorous food was set before him, he opened his eyes with amazing energy and sat up. It was then that Bébé first showed the depth and circumference of his natural appetite, an appetite which was to have its effect on history. He drank most of the moose moss soup at three gulps, he seized the rim of the kettle in his teeth and tilted it

up until even the last ten gallons were drained out of it; then, looking roguishly at Paul Bunyon the while, he bit off a large section of the kettle rim and chewed it down, switching his pretty tail to show his enjoyment.

"*Eh, Bébé!*" roared Paul Bunyon, doubling up with laughter for the second time in his life. And he praised the blue snow for giving him such a creature, and did not mourn Niagara, who had never been amusing. But now, as Paul Bunyon doubled over for another rare roar of laughter, he got one more surprise. He was struck with terrifical force from the rear and knocked flat. Paul Bunyon hit the cave floor so hard that its walls were shaken, and a cloud of stones dropped from the roof, covering him from his hips to his thighs. Paul Bunyon dug himself out with no displeasure. He was marveling too much to be wrathful.

There is strength in this baby animal, he thought; surely he has the muscle and energy for great deeds; for that was such a tremendous butting he gave me that I am more comfortable standing than sitting. So he stood and admired this strong and energetic ox calf, who was calmly seated on his haunches before the fireplace, now throwing his head to the right as he licked his right shoulder, now throwing his head

to the left as he licked his left shoulder. While Paul Bunyon admired, he pondered; then, even as Bébé had given him his first laugh, the ox calf now showed him the outline of his first real idea. The thought struck him that his student's life was finally over; there was nothing more for him to learn; there was everything for him to do. The hour for action was at hand.

Indeed, if he was to keep this blue ox calf, action was truly necessary. Bébé had shown that his superabundance of vitality made him dangerous as well as delightful and amusing. This inexhaustible energy of his must be put to work; this vast store of power in an ox-hide should be developed and harnessed to give reality to some one of Paul Bunyon's vague dreams.

Soon the well-fed blue ox calf lay down and slept contentedly. But Paul Bunyon did not sleep. One after another, occupations, enterprises and industries which would be worthy of his knowledge and his extraordinary mental and physical powers, and which would also offer labor great enough for Bébé when he was grown, were considered by Paul Bunyon; but nothing that he thought about satisfied him in the least. Certainly he would have to invent something new; and as he thought of invention, his imagination blazed up like a fire in a dry forest. He was so unused to it that

it got out of control, and its smoky flames hid his idea rather than illuminating it.

Wearied at last, he lay on his side, for he remembered his bruises, and he fell into a troubled doze. Now he dreamed and saw great blazing letters which formed the words "Real America." He sat up, and his bruises gave him such sudden pain that the dream vanished utterly. But he dreamed again before morning. In this second dream he saw no words, but a forest. A flame like a scythe blade sheared through the trees and they fell. Then Paul Bunyon saw in his dream a forest of stumps, and trees were fallen among them.

For many days Paul Bunyon thought about these dreams as he gathered moose moss for Bébé and seined fish from the bay for himself. And for many nights he tried to dream again, but his sleep was the untroubled sleep of the weary.

Bébé grew wonderfully as the weeks went by, and the moose moss made him saucy as well as fat. His bulging blue eyes got a jovial look that was never to leave them. His bellow already had bass tones in it. He would paw and snort and lift his tail as vigorously as any ordinary ox ten times his age. His chest deepened, his back widened, muscle-masses began to swell and quiver under the fat of his shoulders and

haunches. The drifts of the beautiful unnatural snow melted away in streams of blue water, and the marvelous color of this historical winter vanished, but the glittering blue of Bébé's silken hair remained. His tail brush was of a darker blue; it looked like a heavily foliaged cypress bough in purple twilight; and Bébé was proud of this wonderful tail brush that belonged to him, for he would twist it from behind him and turn his head and stare at it by the hour.

Now spring came and Paul Bunyon determined to start out with his blue ox calf and try to find the meanings of his dreams. The bright warm hours of these days gave him a tormenting physical restlessness; and his imagination ranged through a thousand lands, playing over a thousand activities. It was certainly the time to begin a Life Work.

Each day Paul Bunyon pondered his two dreams without finding substantial meaning in them. The first one indicated that he should go to Real America; and this Paul Bunyon finally resolved to do, hoping that he would discover the Work that was meant for him and the blue ox calf. He knew that he could not fare worse in that land, for few of the fauna of his native country had returned with the spring, and Paul Bunyon could not live well on a fish diet. Bébé's growing appetite, too, made some move a necessity, for the

blue snow had killed the moose grass, and moose moss was a dry food without nourishment in the summer. The more Paul Bunyon thought about Real America, the better he liked the idea of going there. Moose and grass, at least, were to be found across the Border. And no doubt Real America was his Land of Opportunity.

So one fine day Paul Bunyon and Bébé came down to the Border. The blue ox calf frolicked with his master and bellowed happily when he saw the green grass and clover on the hills of Real America. He was for rushing over at once, but Paul Bunyon, the student, was not unmindful of his duty to his new country; he would not enter it without fitting ceremonies and pledges, though Bébé butted him soundly in resenting the delay.

Now Paul Bunyon lifted his hands solemnly and spoke in the rightful language of Real America.

"In becoming a Real American, I become Paul *Bunyan*," he declared. "I am Paul *Bunyon* no more. Even so shall my blue ox calf be called Babe, and Bébé no longer. We are now Real Americans both, hearts, souls and hides."

After uttering these words with feeling and solemnity, an emotion more expansive, more uplifting and more inspiring than any he had ever known possessed

Paul Bunyan and transfigured him. His chest swelled, his eyes danced and glittered, and his cheeks shone rosily through the black curls of his beard.

"And I'm glad of it!" he roared. "By the holy old mackinaw, and by the hell-jumping, high-tailed, fuzzy-eared, whistling old jeem cris and seventeen slippery saints, I'm *proud* of it, too! Gloriously proud!"

Then he felt amazed beyond words that the simple fact of entering Real America and becoming a Real American could make him feel so exalted, so pure, so noble, so good. And an indomitable conquering spirit had come to him also. He now felt that he could whip his weight in wildcats, that he could pull the clouds out of the sky, or chew up stones, or tell the whole world anything.

"Since becoming a Real American," roared Paul Bunyan, "I can look any man straight in the eye. If I could meet a man of my own size, I'd prove this instantly. We may find such a man and celebrate our naturalization in a Real American manner. We shall see. Yay, Babe!"

Then the two great Real Americans leaped over the Border. Freedom and Inspiration and Uplift were in the very air of this country, and Babe and Paul Bunyan got more noble feelings in every breath. They were greatly exhilarated physically at first; and they

galloped over valleys and hills without looking about them, but only breathing this soul-flushing air and roaring and bellowing their delight in it.

But before the day was over, Paul Bunyan discovered that Real America had its sober, matter-of-fact side also. A whisper stirred in his heart: "To work! Take advantage of your opportunity!" The whisper got louder and more insistent every moment; and at last the idea it spoke possessed Paul Bunyan, and he sat down to ponder it, letting Babe graze and roll on the clover-covered hills.

Now the whisper became an insistent cry: "Work! Work! Work!" Paul Bunyan looked up, and he seemed to see the word shining among the clouds; he looked down then into the vast valley, and he seemed to see—by the holy old mackinaw! he did see—the forest of his second dream! And now he knew it: his Life Work was to begin here.

For many days and nights Paul Bunyan pondered on the hillside before the Great Idea came to him. Like all Great Ideas, it was simple enough, once he had thought of it. Real America was covered with forests. A forest was composed of trees. A felled and trimmed tree was a log. Paul Bunyan threw aside his pine tree beard brush and jumped to his feet with a great shout.

"What greater work could be done in Real America than to make logs from trees?" he cried. "Logging! I shall invent this industry and make it the greatest one of all time! I shall become a figure as admired in history as any of the great ones I have read about."

Paul Bunyan then delivered his first oration. The blue ox calf was his only listener; and this was a pity, for Paul Bunyan's first oratorical effort, inspired as it was, surely was one of his noblest ones. But we know the outline of this oration, if not the words. It dealt mainly with the logging method which he had devised in the moment, the one which he used in his first work. So he told of his plan to uproot the trees by hand, and to transport the logs overland, binding a bundle of them on one side of Babe, and hanging a sack of rocks from the other side for ballast. It was months after this that he made his first improvement, the using of a second bundle of logs, instead of rocks, for ballast. And at this moment Paul Bunyan, for all his foresight and imagination, could not have dreamed of the superb tools and marvelous logging methods that he was to originate, or of the countless crews of little loggers that he was to import from France, Ireland, Scotland and Scandinavia, or of the tremendous river drives and the mammoth camp life he was to cre-

ate. He would have been bewildered then by the fact that he would some day need a foreman as grand as himself for his Life Work; and the notion that he would some day need help in his figuring would have seemed like a far-fetched jest.

No; in this first oration, imaginative and eloquent as it must have been, Paul Bunyan only spoke of simple work for himself and Babe. But he only tells us that the oration was not a long one, for the call to Work came more insistently as he ended each period. At last he had to answer this powerful call. He commanded, "Yay, Babe!" and the baby blue ox and Paul Bunyan descended into the valley to begin the first logging in the Real American woods.

THE OLD HOME CAMP

JAMES STEVENS

THE old home camp of Paul Bunyan was in the Smiling River country; it lay in a great plain, between this sunny stream and the flowered banks of Honey Creek, which lazed on past the camp ere it joined the river. When the sun got low in the West, the shadow of old Rock Candy Mountain crept over the camp. On hot summer days the frost-hued mountain was a freshening sight; at night it looked like a huge dish of white ice cream. Raspberry trees covered its lower slopes, and in the June-time they were heavy with berries as big as apples. The lemonade springs bubbled

from among these trees, and their waters rippled through blossoming strawberry bushes as they coursed toward the river. In the twilights of the fruitful season the songs of the jaybirds that nested in the raspberry trees sank to a soft and sentimental chorus; and their slumbrous melodies, mingled with the cheery "jemine-e-es" of the jeminy crickets that lived among the strawberry bushes, made a beauty of sound harmonious with the spirit of eventide.

The old home camp had been built in the midst of a grove of maples. It had been deserted for seven years, and only a few moss-covered bunkhouses yet remained. Some bare sections of land, deeply corrugated, showed where the great cookhouse had stood; and trails that had been packed by the trampling of thousands of calked boots were still marked through lush growths of grass.

Paul Bunyan's farm was the source of his supplies; it was ruled by John Shears and worked by the scissorbills. It covered the rich bottom lands below Honey Creek, and it extended for miles over the bordering hills. Huge red clover blooms tossed and nodded on crowns and slopes when the warm June breezes blew. When the two happy but sensitive bees, Bum and Bill, had got enough honey from them to fill the thirty-five hundred barrels which were required for the log-

gers' hot cakes each winter, John Shears and the scissor-bills mowed the hay and baled it. Then the milk cows were pastured on the stubble until winter-time. They did not have such grandiose names as are given to cows nowadays—no one in Paul Bunyan's time would have thought of naming a kind, honest heifer Wondrous Lena Victress or Dairylike Daffodil Sweetbread;—they were simply called Suke, Boss, Baldy and S'manthy, but they were queenly milkers. Boss was the great butter cow; John Shears had only to put salt in her milk, stir it a bit, let it stand for a while, and he would have tubfuls of the finest butter in the land. Suke's milk made wonderful bubbly hot cakes. Baldy's milk never soured, and it was especially good in cream gravy. S'manthy's milk was pretty poor stuff, but she had a vast hankering for balsam boughs, and in the winter she would eat them until her milk became the most potent of cough medicines. It saved Paul Bunyan's loggers from many an attack of pneumonia. The grand flocks of poultry, which were ruled by Pat and Mike, the powerful and bellicose web-footed turkey gobblers, performed marvels of egg-laying and hatching. The snow hens, for example, would lay only in the winter-time; they made their nests in the snow and laid none but hard-boiled eggs. There were great vegetable gardens in the bottom

lands; there the parsnips and carrots grew to such a depth that the scissor-bills had to use stump-pullers to get them out of the ground. It took two men an hour and a half to sever the average cabbage from its stalk. The potatoes grew to such a size that Paul Bunyan invented the steam shovel for John Shears to use in digging them out. In the chewing tobacco patch the tobacco grew on the plants in plugs, shreds and twists, and it was highly flavored by the natural licorice in the soil.

It would take pages to describe all of the marvels and splendors of Paul Bunyan's farm.

For five years now Paul Bunyan had not visited his farm or the old home camp. He himself knew nothing of farming; first and last he was a logger, so he had left his farm completely in the control of John Shears when the great move was made from the old home camp. He trusted without doubts his boss farmer, who was a powerfully religious man. Only his violent piety had made him a failure as a woods boss. The loggers could not *bear* to be preached to, and John Shears had insisted on preaching to them through every meal. But he managed the scissor-bills ably; they were men who had failed to make good as loggers and who had the calm and meek spirit of born farm hands. John Shears had easily taught them to

venerate him as a prophet, and they willingly worked sixteen hours a day for him, though the loggers had never worked more than twelve.

After Paul Bunyan's departure, John Shears had faithfully improved the farm, and at last it became so productive that even the endless freight teams of Shagline Bill could not move all its hay and produce to the far-away logging enterprises. Then only the simple routine of farm work remained to be done, and this hardly fetched fourteen hours of labor a day from the scissor-bills, even in the harvesting season. John Shears, always a terror for work, got dissatisfied. He began to dream of strange, tempting projects of irrigation and land-clearing. He let himself imagine Paul Bunyan's logging crews digging ditches, grubbing out stumps, and leveling hills into grand hay and grain fields. Then his dream became an active idea. If logging could somehow be prohibited, abolished, totally exterminated—what then? The loggers would all have to turn farm hands, for farming would be the only remaining industry. And then he, John Shears, the one and only master farmer, would become supreme over all of them; he would have Paul Bunyan's place, and the great logger would have to take a lesser rôle! Soon, waking or sleeping, the idea was always in his mind. It was the root of many plans, and at last

it threw out a monstrous growth. John Shears planned nothing else than to do away with Babe, the blue ox, who skidded all of Paul Bunyan's logs to the river landings, who was the mainspring, the central motive force, of all his logging operations. Logging without Babe could no more be imagined than rain without clouds. This plan was the source of the prodigious poison parsnip plot.

Parsnips were Babe's favorite delicacy, and John Shears was supposed to ship the parsnip crop to the logging camp each fall. But in the year in which the monstrous plot was hatched he did not dig the parsnips at all. He allowed them to go to seed instead, and now the parsnip patch was rank with a poisonous second growth. John Shears intended to dig them in another month and ship them to the camp. The blue ox would eat them and die, and then he, the boss farmer, should attain the power and triumph of his dreams.

Little Meery, the farm slavey, alone was kept in ignorance of John Shears' schemes, not because he was feared or distrusted, but because he seemed so lowly, abject and unimportant. He had scarcely more consequence in the farm life than one of the snow hens. He slept on a hard bunk under the kitchen sink. He was not allowed to associate with the scissor-bills. The only attention he ever received from them was

when they made him the object of blows and ridicule. One time he had been Thomas O'Meery, the Irish Orphan, an inspiring young logger. The rich food

Little Meery.

served in Paul Bunyan's cookhouse had been his undoing. He became obese, rotund, unable to swing an ax. He got such heft and circumference that he was a nuisance. Whenever he fell down he would have to roll around until he could find a logger who would lift him to his feet. He was a danger also. One time he rolled down a hill and bounced head-on into a column of marching loggers. He flattened every one,

and Johnny Inkslinger, the timekeeper and camp doctor, was busy all night setting their broken ribs. After this mishap, Paul Bunyan turned him over to John Shears. The boss farmer gave him the meanest job on the farm; he put him to washing the dishes and slopping the pigs. Little Meery finally became resigned to his grievous affliction and lowly lot, and a spirit of sublime meekness sustained him even when he was most cruelly treated.

This corpulent child of misfortune had a rare and charming soul. He alone, of all the toilers on the great farm, felt the pastoral loveliness of his surroundings. His day of toil done, he would part his hair, gather a bunch of clover blooms, take Porkums, his little lame pet pig, under his arm, waddle over the footbridge that crossed Honey Creek, and in the grounds of the old home camp enjoy his one small pleasure in life. Sitting on an old maple log, he would pretend that he was a lean, muscular head faller in Paul Bunyan's camp and one of the great logger's favorites. He would see himself as a bunkhouse hero, walking in the shadows of the blue ox, living a grand, free life. What delight Little Meery had from such imaginings! What pity that they had to fade! Little Meery always tried to be bravely cheerful when the dream was done. He would force back his tears, return the comforting

squeals of Porkums with a trembling smile, then move gently among the jaybirds, which always gathered trustingly around his feet, and return to his cruel slavey's life with only thoughts of kindness and charity for John Shears and the scissor-bills. If Paul Bunyan could only have truly known that heart of gold!

One evening in the old home camp Little Meery's imaginings became more active than usual. He pretended that he was winning a felling championship, while Paul Bunyan applauded him. . . . He made great chips fly like buckshot, the loggers were a cheering host, he swung the ax violently at every stroke. . . . Too late he felt himself slipping from the maple log, and he rolled helplessly to the ground. As usual, he could not get back on his feet. He rolled to the footbridge, but he could not pass between the railings. He lay there until dawn, and no help came. The morning passed, and still he lay helpless. He was not found until John Shears came to the farmhouse for dinner and discovered the breakfast dishes unwashed.

"Did it on puppus, I bet!" roared the boss farmer. "I'd let ye lay there an' rot ef 'twarn't fer the dishes. I got a mind to whale ye anyhow, hi gravy!"

"Please, oh, please don't beat me, Mr. Shears," pleaded Little Meery. "I tried to roll home, honest I did."

The boss farmer brought an ellum club into view.

"Oh, *by* gosh! Mr. Shears——"

"Swearin', hey?"

"I meant to say 'my'—honest!"

"Didn't nuther. Ye used a 'by' word, an' ye know plagued well ye meant to be profane!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" screamed poor Little Meery, as the blows poured upon him. John Shears beat him until sundown, taking five minutes out of each hour for rest. . . . He raised the ellum club for a last terrific blow, and Little Meery bravely tried to stifle his sobs, as he waited to receive it. The cruel blow was never delivered. Two words stopped it.

"Here . . . John!"

The words seemed to be calmly spoken, yet the tones that made them filled the vast plain of the home camp and reverberated in thunderous echoes among all the hills. The trees shook, the surface of Smiling River broke into violent waves, the slopes of old Rock Candy were disturbed by the smoke and roar of an avalanche. John Shears quietly dropped his ellum club; Little Meery opened his eyes and saw near him a boot with a toe cap made of an elephant hide. Then he looked up and beheld the kindly bearded countenance of the good and mighty Paul Bunyan looming above him. Then John Shears hastily helped him to

his feet and he limped between the boss farmer's ankles and out on the footbridge. There he stopped to look worshipfully on his hero, his lord, his king, Paul Bunyan, who shook hands solemnly with John Shears.

"I didn't expect ye to ketch me a frolickin' with one o' my men," said John Shears, attempting a grin. "But I do like to frolic once in a while, jest like your loggers do."

"I'm glad that you have learned to play, John," said Paul Bunyan gently. "The playful spirit of my loggers has helped them to bear untold perils, griefs and hardships. They are a fine bunch of savages, worthy of emulation. I intend for them to enjoy the bounties and peace of home life for a reason. We return to log off the rest of the Smiling River country."

"Well, now, I'm mighty glad you're to be with us again, Mr. Bunyan," said John Shears effusively.

"Thank you, John. And I wish to commend you for your faithful service. I hope to reward you fittingly. And I overlook your failure to ship Babe his parsnips last fall. Your one failure, for which I shall not reprove you. But you must prepare him acres of them at once. Understand? Very well. Yay, Babe!"

Johnny Inkslinger, the timekeeper, and the Big Swede, the foreman, were beside Paul Bunyan. The

three moved toward the maple grove, and the blue ox, who had been straddling the river, stepped on across it, dragging the cookhouse, the bunkhouses, and the other camp buildings behind him. He was thin, and the shape of his great ribs showed through his shaggy blue hide. As he moved through the twilight shadows he looked like a wrinkled bluff when it is seen dimly in a fog. For half an hour the bunkhouses flashed by so swiftly that their lighted windows made an unbroken streak of light. The loggers in them were singing about the jam on Garry's Rock and the death of young Munro. As Little Meery listened to the roaring choruses he felt that he would willingly give his life for a single day as a real logger. If he could only be there in one of the bunkhouses, a tough and respected member of a logging crew, a lean, supple, vigorous axman, a fine and admired figure! Vain, vain desire! Poor Little Meery. He abandoned the dream with a sigh. Then he was startled by a dry, rasping chuckle from John Shears. Little Meery was astonished, for he had never heard the boss farmer laugh.

"Parsnips, hey?" he cackled. "Ol' Paul wants his ox critter to have his parsnips right now, does he? Dad gum', ef that ain't funny! Ho! ho!"

The boss farmer leaped over Honey Creek and strode rapidly toward the farmhouse. Every hundred

yards he would pause and chuckle convulsively. "Parsnips, hey? Ye dern' tootin' I'll feed him parsnips! It's Mr. Bunyan's pers'nal orders, says I. Heh! heh! Dad burn', ef that ain't funny!"

While Paul Bunyan, Johnny Inkslinger and the Big Swede cruised the remaining timber in the Smiling River country, the loggers renewed their affections for the delights of the old home camp. In the mornings they roamed the cool slopes of old Rock Candy, they gorged themselves with ripe fruit from the raspberry trees and strawberry bushes, and, barefooted, they climbed the maple trees and gamboled over the clover fields. In the afternoons Smiling River was splashed with foam for miles as they swarmed into their old swimming holes. Swimming over, the loggers would line up on the banks and shake their right legs to get the water out of their left ears and their left legs to get the water out of their right ears. Then they would angle for the bright-hued butterfish that fluttered among the water flowers. And what exhilarating meals they enjoyed! Now they had all the fresh stuff that the farm could provide. Cream Puff Fatty, the baker, made them strawberry shortcake and raspberry pie twice a day, and he covered these juicy confections with snowy piles of vanilla-flavored whipped cream. The cobs from golden, fat-kerneled

roasting ears were soon heaped mountain-high in the kitchen yard. The cream gravy for the rosy new potatoes and bouncing green peas was made from real cream, sweet and thick. The loggers became light-hearted boys again, and as they enjoyed themselves they were happily unconscious of the bitter enviousness of the scissor-bills, who were digging parsnips for twenty hours a day on the other side of Honey Creek.

Babe, the blue ox, too, was enjoying life as never before. The stream from the lemonade springs had been diverted to a trough that ran through his manger; and he was surrounded with fresh, green clover, for John Shears, with sinister purpose, had mown all the clover fields on the day after Paul Bunyan's arrival and had stacked it in and around Babe's stable. He had hoped that the blue ox would bloat on the green feed, and perish before his master could return from his cruising expedition. But the early harvest had only served to throw the two bees into a rebellious rage; they had been imprisoned in their hive, and there, night and day, they had buzzed wrathfully over their half-filled honey barrels. Babe digested the green clover easily, and ate it with delight, his great blue eyes shining with affection and gratitude for the boss farmer.

"Pity 'tain't alfalfy, ye blame hog," snarled John Shears in disgust.

But it wasn't, so John Shears made the scissor-bills work twenty hours a day in the parsnip patch, and he aided them with his own efforts, for he realized that once Paul Bunyan and Johnny Inkslinger had returned a fatal poisoning of the blue ox would be difficult to accomplish. He would not have the courage to attempt it then. Now was the time to strike. Heaven helping him, he should not fail!

During this week Little Meery had been kept within the bounds of the farmyard by the strict orders of John Shears. His heart was heavy indeed as he toiled away in the kitchen. Never had the scouring of pots and pans seemed to be such wretched labor; never had the odors and steam of dishwater seemed so detestable. When he went out to slop the pigs at eventide he heard the jaybirds' songs no more; he had ears only for the shouts, laughter and harmonies that sounded in the old home camp. Next week the grand life of logging would begin; all summer he, poor unfortunate, would suffer the misery of vain longings. Poor Little Meery; he looked in vain for a silver lining to his cloud.

Saturday came, and only one more holiday remained for the loggers to enjoy. As Little Meery listened to

their exuberant noise, he was unable to drive away his despondency with songs or cheerful thoughts. Hour by hour his spirits got lower; his optimism left him, and his mind was dark with dismal shades. When he went to bed under the kitchen sink he did not fall into a sound sleep at once, as he usually did; his misery and dejection kept him awake. For two hours he lay there, soaking his pillow with tears, then the droning murmurs from the settin'-room were hushed, and, after a pause, John Shears began a speech. He fully revealed his frightful scheme to the scissor-bills, and he exhorted them to be true to his cause, which was their cause also. When Little Meery understood that the boss farmer intended to poison the blue ox and thus do away with the logging industry forever, he gave such a start of horror that his head banged against the bottom of the sink. The speech was halted at the sound.

"It's only Little Meery," said a scissor-bill contemptuously.

Little Meery did not venture to stir again as John Shears went on speaking.

"So it's all fixed to pizen the ox critter to-night," said John Shears in conclusion. "Then they'll be no more wicked loggin'. Loggin' must be wicked because it makes wicked men. Farmin' must be good because

it makes good men. When ol' Paul Bunyan an' his loggers has to go farmin' they'll nacherlly turn into good men. Then they'll have to foller us, hi grabby, because we was farmers an' good men before they was. I hate to pizen a pore dumb critter, but this here's by way of makin' him a sackerfice—a sackerfice for the glory of life eternal! Glory! glory! glory!"

The scissor-bills all shouted "Glory! glory! glory!" after him, and then Little Meery heard them all move out of the settin'-room. For a few minutes he did not dare to stir, then he could no longer tolerate the anxiety of waiting. He slid carefully from his bunk, he took off his nightgown and slipped on his ragged slavey's clothes, and then, pausing cautiously at every heavy step, he approached the kitchen door. He opened it and peered outside. There was a fair light from a half-moon, and he could see the scissor-bills standing in rows and clusters along the barnyard fence. John Shears was already across Honey Creek. He opened the door of Babe's stable, and then ran back to the farmyard. Soon Babe's head appeared in the stable doorway, his great gentle eyes looked inquiringly about, then they shone hungrily as they glimpsed a white heap of the vegetables he loved. Other piles were scattered at intervals of seven hundred yards. In a short time Babe was in the parsnip

patch, and he began to devour the first mountainous pile of the deadly vegetables. John Shears and the scissor-bills shouted hallelujahs of joy and triumph.

Horror, despair, a terrible sense of helplessness, held Little Meery motionless in the doorway. Hours seemed to pass as he frantically tried to think of some means to thwart the plot of John Shears and to ward off the tragic event that was swiftly casting its shadow over the old home camp. But what could *he* do? He was only Little Meery, scorned, despised, held in such contempt that he had been ignored entirely in the plans. Then a sound that had roared in his ears ever since the clover was cut for the blue ox startled his mind with a desperate idea. The sound was the raging hum of two great bees, Bum and Bill, and Little Meery now resolved to release them from the hive, whatever the danger to himself. He knew that they would make a savage attack on the blue ox and perhaps drive him from the perilous parsnip patch. So he eased himself out of the kitchen and trod as softly as his obesity permitted toward the beehive. He reached it without being discovered, then he heaved up desperately on the latch. Up it went—six inches, twelve, eighteen, thirty-six, sixty—it was over the top of the block! As Little Meery pantingly threw the door open, the bees began to roar. then they shot out of the

hive with a deafening buzz, the wings humming so violently that the wind from them stripped the shirt off his back. The bees zigzagged doubtfully for a moment, then they spied the blue ox in the parsnip patch. They cracked their wings together and lit out for him in a beeline. John Shears saw them and bawled for them to return, but, though they were obedient bees in their gentle moods, his yells now made them buzz on in a greater rage than ever. They circled the blue ox three times, then they sat on him and began a furious stinging of him. Babe bellowed. The scissor-bills were thrown through the barnyard fence when the wind from that bellow struck them, but John Shears charged through the vegetable gardens after the bees. And reached the anguished ox just as he had lifted his hind legs for a tremendous kick. Babe's hoof caught the boss farmer squarely between his eyebrows and his ankles, and he was hurled so high into the air that he sailed over the cloud-kissed crest of old Rock Candy. Babe flailed away mightily with his tail, he pawed up clouds of dirt, he stood on his horns, but the bees remained seated. At last the blue ox galloped out of the parsnip patch and ran for the sanctuary of his stable, where the bees dared not follow him.

Babe's bellow had rolled Little Meery among the scissor-bills, but he landed on his feet. He lumbered

John Shears saw them and bawled for them to return

away from them in the direction of the footbridge, and when the scissor-bills had disentangled themselves from the splinters of the fence, they set out after him. They caught him in the centre of the bridge, but just as they were beginning to beat him, the loggers, who had all been shaken from their bunks by Babe's anguished bellow, came with a rush from the other side. Then began the famous Battle of the Footbridge, in which the opposing forces vainly attempted to reach each other over the obese form of Little Meery, who received hundreds of blows a minute. All through the night the battle raged, while Babe mooed woefully in his stable and Bum and Bill buzzed gleeful satisfaction in their hive.

Not until sunrise, when Paul Bunyan reached the old home camp, was the terrible struggle ended. He ordered the loggers and the scissor-bills into the plain before the maple grove and demanded an explanation. The combatants were too weary from their terrific struggle to reply, but at last Little Meery found strength to speak and told his awful story.

"Brave, brave heart," Paul Bunyan commended him. "And how can I reward you?"

"I want to be a head faller, Mr. Bunyan."

"But a head faller must fit into a head faller's uni-

form, and you, my fine lad—well, you are Little Meery."

Then Little Meery staggered triumphantly from among the weary host. Not a stitch remained on him, he was bruised from head to heels, but he showed himself with pride. For he was not now the seven hundred and eighty pound Little Meery of yesterday, but a raw-boned two hundred and fifty pound logger, lean, solid and strong. During the long battle, pound by pound, over a quarter of a ton of fat had been pushed, prodded, punched, pounded, rolled, jerked, squeezed and stamped from his body. His obesity was gone! Miracle of miracles! Paul Bunyan could hardly believe his eyes.

"A head faller you shall be," he said.

John Shears was three weeks returning from the spot whither Babe had kicked him. Meek, humble, chastened, repentant, he came to Paul Bunyan and declared himself willing to submit to the dire punishment which he supposed awaited him. He expected to be made to eat gravel for a month, at the very least. The good and mighty Paul Bunyan, however, merely ordered John Shears to get back to the farm. But he put a ban on parsnips. As for Little Meery, when he heard that John Shears had returned, he twisted his

hat around—his hair was never parted now,—he took a grand chew of fine cut, hitched up his tin pants and growled. "Let's walk on him! Let's put the calks to him! Let's cave his head in!" Little Meery had become a logger indeed, and he lived gloriously ever after.

SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN STORIES

THE MULE–HUMANS

PERCY MACKAYE

CHILDERS, don't never git to squabblin' on a' amber-day. Don't resk hit. Hit mought lead ye in jepparty, where ye wouldn't know your own face in a mirror-glass.

What-all *is* a' amber-day? Hain't you larned your almanack scriptures yit? A' amber-day is a *pizen* day. Hit's a day that one ongodless word will spell-charm your nearest kin so's you'd take him for the Deevil hisself. Old Horny sprinkled a handful o' them days through the year, like rat-pizened ears in a corn-crib, for fool critters to nibble at and shed the skins they was borned in.

No-o, hit don't plumb kill ye. Only jist ef ye wish the wrong wish, or speak the wrong word, the deevil

he kin cross-breed ye to a dumb brute in one bat of his eye.—That's why me and my ole woman allers keeps our mouth shet amber-days. We don't aim to git us in no sech a scrape as Godsey Scrorse done with *his* ole woman, Mondie.

What-a-way did *they* done? Axe me no axin's, and I'll fib ye no fairy-tales. Hit were so fashion:

Years ago yander, Godsey Scrorse war an up-creek neebor o' mine. Him and Mondie, his wife, they lived in a lonesome holler.

He were a good, lousy, lay-around, patient-ablest feller, Godsey; but she was pernickety as a pea-hen; gibblegabble and peck from day-up till dark.

Well, one fall o' the year, hit comin' night-down, I war passin' of their cabin, and I hears her thar inside brash-whackin' at him. So I stops and listens.

"Git your dad-burned big feet often my toes, trompin' all over me! Cain't never give me room to set easy and stretch! Allers jammin' on me! Nothin' but clopper-legs and hoofs, you hain't! God-a-mighty knows you ain't nothin' but a mule-brute from the middle down—dad-bust ye!"

"And you—from the neck up, ole woman!" he answers her.

"Yea, I wisht you *was* a saddle-critter," she hollers.

"I'd ride ye down to Solomon Shell's and swap ye fer his gang o' shoats."

"And I'd trade *you* fer his ole sow!" he hollers back.

Well, I'd heerd enough. "Poor ole Godsey is shore losin' his patience," thinks I, "and 'tain't to wonder." —And I goes on home, about three mile down trail.

So thar I was a-settin' in the yard, tippin' snuff terbaccy, and hit darkin' outdoors. My ole woman she were pokin' the supper-pot, and kindly she raised up and says sobersome:

"Sol," she says, "what time is hit?"

"Fall o' the year," says I, "most time fer supper."

"Quit triflin' me," she says. "Hit's amber-day."

And jist then I hears stones clickin' on the trail, and somebody hollers out in a square, grummy voice:

"Hey, Solomon! Solomon Shell!"

Lorsy me! I looks up, and thar, high over the palin's, I sees a shaddersome haid peekin' down, the face of Godsey Scrorse. All scrooged up hit were, goshawful, and his mouth gappin', like he seen a haunt. Well, chilluns, that turned my belly over.

"Good evenin', Godsey," I says. "Air you ridin'?"

"No-o," he says, "I's leggin' hit."

"How did ye clumb up thar, that high?" I axes.

"I hain't clumb up," he answers me, the same quare noise.

"Hain't ye?" says I. "Well, come in, anyhow, and take a cheer."

"I cain't come in," says he, "and I cain't take a cheer, never no more."

"Why-fer no?" says I, in the pit o' my belly.

"My bottom hain't balanced right," says he. "Come out and prospect hit."

Well, rounders, out I goes through the palin' gate, and thar in the gloomin' I sees the quarest six-limbdest critter sence Joshuay tuck to raisin' horse flesh. The top halft of hit—arms, chist, and haid,—was shore 'nough Godsey Scrorse hisself. He were chawin' terbaccy, his hat dipped on his left eye, and one gallus was holdin' up his pants, which only they wasn't ary legs in 'em. Stid o' that, the impty breeches was danglin' thar split-busted, like a bib and tucker, down over the breast-front of a thunderin'-gret, leggy mule-critter, which hits withers sprung behind from the small o' Godsey's back. So the bottom halft of the hull goll machine were a quadrupeed, which his piebald cruppers was switchin' his hocks with a ratsy tail.

"Lordamassy!" I says. "If ye're aimin' to ride, Godsey, you's shore pitched for'ard in the saddle. But you's plumb right about your bottom never needin' a cheer ag'in. How-all did you git grafted with that-thar mule-rump?"

Poor Godsey jist rubbed his hind fetlocks and pawed dirt with one for-ard hoof, and he answers:

"Hit's plain weetchery!"

"No, 'tain't," I says; "hit's pizen. Ye're amber-day pizened. Somebody must 'a' ben cussin' you in angry for Old Horny to overhear hit."

"Yea," he says; "hit were Mondie, my ole woman. She mule-cussed me from the middle down, and I cussed her back ag'in, from the neck up. For the love o' neebors, Sol, will ye holp us git the spell off?"

"How kin I, Godsey?"

"Mondie wants me to axe ye—will ye trade your gang o' shoats for this-yere mule-brute. That's our one-only chanct to git shet of hit, she says."

"Whar's the rightly haid that goes with hit?" says I.

"To home with Mondie," says he. "Hit were too shame-bashed to come along with the laigs. Git up on behind, and I'll tote ye home, to look her over."

So upsy I climbs on the middle of his ridge-bone, which hit nigh splitted me in the fork, and he retches one hand to break him a hazel switch, and whops hisself in the shanks, and hollers out, "Co-oop, Godsey!" and away I rides him bareback, splashin' the crick ford.

Well, of all the goll-durned night-riders, us'ns was

the quarest twins the moon ever riz on. I grabbed one busted gallus for a bridle-rein, but fust time I jerked hit, he turned his haid round sorrerful and says:

"Sol," he says, "I'd give ten bucks for to have your laigs in my pants."

Nary nuther word he spoke for a long piece o' trail, but he spit moughty reg'lar. Arter that I hadn't the sand for to bridle-steer him ag'in. So I jist aidged for'ard on his withers, and clipped both arms round his waist, to ease my own bacon behind.

A whisk o' rain come peltin' from the verge o' the moon. *Clob-clopperty* poor Godsey splashed his hoofs in the trail-puddles. Onc't he retched his hand in the poke of his impty pants for a chunk o' baccy. He chawed a quid o' that, which hit 'peared to live'-up his back-legs, for he trotted right smart till Preachin' Charlie's palin's.

Charlie war jist packin' a yoke o' full pails from his water spring, turnin' to ope his gate.

"Retch me up a drink, Preacher, will ye?" calls Godsey, puffin'. "This-here haulin' ole Sol uphill has wheezed me dry."

Preachin' Charlie give one look.

"Valley o' the shadder!" he yells, and he clares that gate same's a wild duck—the split pails swingin' out

from his yoke like wing-paddles. Half a mile back, I could hear him hollerin' to God yit thar.

Next cabin us passed was Fiddler John's. And thar he hisself was a-settin' on a gum-stump, sawin' of his fiddle in the face o' the moon. His own face war puckered up, losty in his music.

Godsey stopped, fore and aft.

"Heigh, John Fiddler," he cuts in, "kin *you* liquor me? I's lost my britch-bottle."

Old Fiddler pauses his fiddlestick plumb in the air, and he stares at us'ns a hull minute without winkin'.

"Double!" he says, drappin' his voice. "Nay, good feller! I hain't tetched a dram. In the Three Highest, I hain't! But if you-all is a horse-critter of Rivelation, you's the first mule-human ever I heerd quoted in Scriptur'. As fer britch-sperrits, I cain't give ye none from a bottle, but I kin from a fiddle-box."

Right thar then he struck up and sawed sech a dodgasted four-leggy reel that hit set Godsey high steppin', all fours, nigh pitchin' me off, whilst he galloped Injun-divvles 'most home afore slackin'.—Lather drippin' he was, all over, belly and back frothin' white scum, and me settin' in the suds bath. Well, I curried him off, best I could, with his pants legs, till lastly us cantered up to his own cabin door. And thar was a-set-

tin' his ole woman, rockin' of herself, with a bed-kivver throwed over her haid.

"Mondie," he hollers, "here's Sol. He wants the haid to go with the laigs afore he'll trade with us."

Sodom and Gemorrah! what a bray-squawlin' she let out then!

"Hee-honker!—Hee-honker!—Hee-honker!"

And thar she poked her long mule-muzzle outen the bed-kivver, and her jaws gap-open a foot wide, stuck full o' gret grinders like a corn mill.

Chilluns, that drapped me to the ground!

"The poor dumb critter!" says Godsey. "That's the only last gab-language left in her, poor Mondie!"

Then Mondie she threwed off the bed-kivver, and riz up on the top doorstep. Yea! For to see that leetle woman-critter balancin' her gret mule head-piece, big's a barrel keg, I shore wagered hit 'u'd topple her legs-up! But thar she stood wagglin' of her long, p'inted ears, and retchin' her both arms to Godsey.

Hit were a sight pitiful. The gret tear-draps, round as oak galls, come oozin' outen her muly pop-eyes, rollin' down off her nozzle, which she tried for to blow hit dry with her apron, but jist only drinched the cabin-yard.

And thar come Godsey tromplin' the flower-patch, all four hoofs diggin' up the mud like mattocks, and

tuck Mondie in his arms, and he holds her mule haid tilted how hit ought to jine on to his mule underpinnin's, so's to sample one hull-complete mule-critter for the swap bargain.

"Thar, Sol," he says, "will ye trade in your ole sow for the hull consarn?"

"Dadfetch me, I won't!" says I. "The archeetecture don't jine. Thar's one joist missin' from the middle up."

"Yis, God holp us!" he groans. "The middlin's is lost out. I jist only cussed her neck-up'ards."

Well, at that, Mondie busts out hee-honkin' ag'in fit to kill; but Godsey pats her nozzle soothey-like, and he hollers down one ear like a cornycopee trumpet: "Co-oop, Mondie gal! I'll stick by ye, haids or tails."

Then he turns to me, plumb piteous, and says:

"Solomon," he says, "have a heart! How's we to git traded of this amber-day mule withouten you to holp us swap the spell off?"

"Godsey," I says, "listen of me. I wouldn't swap my ole sow, Chinkapin, for a' army of amber-day mules: no, nor her shoat babies nother. All the same, I ain't a feller not to holp my neebors out. You and Mondie is pizened. Now, they's jist only one way I knows to git shet of amber-day pizen."

"In the fear o' God, what is hit?" he axes.

"You's said hit," I answers. "Hit's the fear o' God hitself. Hit's a dose o' Scriptur'. There hain't no other medicine kin purge ye of amber-day pizen. Air ye ready to swaller hit now?"

"Yis, shorely," he says.

"Then jist hand me yan hazel ridin'-switch ye got thar."

"The switch?" he says, side-steppin' with his hind-laigs, while he retched hit to me. "But what-all of a dose air ye aimin' to give us?"

"I's aimin' to dose ye with Balaam's medicine: *Numbers*, Two and Twenty, Twenty-seven to Twenty-nine:

" '*And Balaam's anger hit were kindled and he smote the ass with a staff.*' "

"Whoa, thar!" hollers Godsey to his hinter parts, which was buck-humpin' to let fly a double-backer. "*Not twenty-nine* licks, Sol!"

But I quoted straight on, calm's a cowcumber:

" '*And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she says unto Balaam: What have I done unto thee, she says, that thou hast smitten me these-yere three times?*' "

"Hold hit!" spoke Godsey ag'in. "*Three* doses, is hit? And jist only *her* swallers 'em?—Yea, now, that ain't so worse!"

So then Godsey's spine comminced to slack rope a leetle, but mine jest gingered, a-stirrin' that Scriptur'-dose:

" '*And Balaam says unto the ass: Because thou hast MOCKED me, he says!*'—

"Thar, neebors! That's your Bible text: now follers your sarmon."

So I raises that ridin'-switch and spits on hit.

That skeert poor Mondie flap-jawed. She honked one last *hee-honker* and rammed a black eye in Godsey, kissin' his hat off blubberin'.

But I never scringes. I jist whistles that hazel switch in the air, and I larrups each of 'em three licks, haid-piece and cruppers.

That settled hit.

Yea, sirs, that druv the pizen plumb out! Godsey's own legs was in his pants ag'in, and thar stood Mondie puggin' up her red back-haars, a-snufflin' of her leetle nose, and grinnin' at him.

As fer that amber-day Mule Deevil, hit cut loost and high-jumped clare over Godsey's palin's, me throwin' the hazel switch after. Last thing I seed of hit, loamin' agin the moon, the critter war raisin' one hoof, tryin' to tie a knot in the witch-stick, for to splice hits haid on. And if yan hoof warn't *cloved* . . .!

"Thar, Mondie," I says, moughty awfulsome, "you's clean purged fer *this* time, and you kin thank that dose o' Scriptur' for your purty face ag'in. But hinceforthly, mind ye ponder on the ass what mocked Balaam! And, Godsey, don't ye never git to treadin' on your ole woman's toes no more!"

Then Mondie sassed up piert and says:

"Hit jist pime-blank proves what I war callin' of him. God-a-mighty knows how Godsey hain't nothin' but a dadburned critter of a ole mu—"

"Choke off, thar!" hollers Godsey. "Duddrattle ye!—Hit's amber-day yit!"

Now, neebors, I axes ye: *kin* humans git cured o' mule-cussidness?

THE HICK'RY PICK–TOOTH

PERCY MACKAYE

THAT were a master prime supper ye dished us up, Aunt Sal, and I'll jist end her off now with my hick'ry pick-tooth. What, nappin' to bed this yerly! Leavin' me to the chilluns by the fire-coals, air ye? Shore 'nough! Turn in and welcome! Never gabble 'em no wild tales, me? Nay, Auntie, they gits only solid gospel from ole Sol. Good night to ye! (and good riddance!)

Well, young rounders, here we sot agin! Straddle my knee thar, Betsy!

> Saddle my dog,
> And bridle my hog—
> And *away-y-y* we go!

Quit tuggin' of my bristles, Hank! Watch out, or I'll gobble ye yit!

Yis, yis, I's curried my mouth vittals with this-yere pick-tooth goin' on forty year now. Feel her p'int thar! Hard as a nail-pin, hain't she, and slicker than bottle-glass! Well, chilluns, I's bottomed the cheers in nine cabins with the peel-bark of her. Yea, sirrees, with the bark of this-here hick'ry pick-tooth!

Won't believe hit, will ye? 'Bliged to tell ye the hull truth about hit, are I? Haw! Pop your ears, then!

Look at her clos'ter. Jist the len'th of my leetle finger, hain't she? Well, dadfetch her! I felled that pick-tooth with my ax in the year of the Big Snow. That same time she stood twenty-nine foot above the crust. Shore she's wored down some sence! That's what I'm historifyin' to ye. Will ye shet up, or listen?

The Big Snow—yea, that *were* a winter! Blewed and snowed night and day without no lettin' for twelve days, from dark of Ole Christmas eve to New Christmas mornin'.

Fust news o' the world I knowed in my cabin, come three leetle froze-to-death fox puppies tumblin' down the chimney-stack, *kerplash!* in the bilin' fire-pot, thawed out like lightnin', and run huntin' rats in my gum-boots. Well! Me, I shoves a ladder quick up the stack, sticks my nose out through a round, small gap-hole in the driftit snow, and right thar I knocks noses

with the ole fox herself, jist aimin' to foller her babies down yan burrer. So I axes her in, to take a week with me socianable. Meanwhiles I trains her tricks for to become a coon-houn'. For, thinks I, that 'u'd be right smart handy in the Big Snow, seein' as meat was gittin' sca'ce, and coon ain't so goll-fired old-dead-fish-tasty as fox be.

So New Christmas mornin', owdaciously yerly, I kennels the fox-puppies snug in the butter-churn.

"Thar, Sister Fox-Bitch!" says I, "I's keepin' your babes o' the wood as redemption fer that batch o' coons you're to ketch for our meat-cupboard. So mind your houn' tricks!"

Then in I slips into my gum-boots, grabs my ax and rifle-gun, and up the stack I burrers outdoors, hackin' through the crust, my new fine-pretty coon-houn'-fox nosin' my heels.

Crack!—I come outen the cabin-dark! Whee, thar! The day-dawzzle on that snow creation most squint-blinded me. The hull world were plumb snowed under, timber-deep, and they was a foot-thick crust froze over hit, blazin' like all Let-thar-be-light!

Couldn't see nothin' but two isinglass mount'ins, and me gappin' up thar from the fork-bottom of the valley betwixt 'em.

"Sister," says I to my houn'-fox-bitch, "yan ridges

shore mought be Pine Mount'in and Black Mount'in, but where-all is the timber at was a-growin' thar Ole Christmas eve?"

But jist then I squintles 'way-y-y up to the top bench o' Pine Mount'in, and thar I spies one quar, only, lonesomest tree, seems like hit were a hick'ry, and dark, gobby humps clouded on hit.

"Sick 'em, Sister!" says I. "Yander's the onliest coon timber in sight. Mind of your babes in the butter-churn! Yan's your one chanct to redemption 'em."

So we starts trackin' up that slanty isinglass crust. Sister Fox she tipped pretty on her toe-nail p'ints. Ole Sol he clawed with his gum-boots till the soles buckled curly as sickle-blades. Gooly bust me, how that icy wind blewed! Ary clip o' my breath hit froze off in flapjacks, tinklin' and spatterin' behind, like I was spittin' winder-glass. And the drip o' my nose hit slung a double ice-rope retched out back o' my ears like two boar-tusks. . . So us clumb to the ridge-top.

Zekiel! That *were* a huntin' day! I stood thar plumb jiggered.

"Tilt up your nose, Sister Houn'-Fox!" I stambers out. "Coon's in the cupboard! You's treed the hull country of 'em!"

And, lo! thar stood yan hick'ry, hits boughs droop-

And, lo! thar stood yan hick'ry, hits boughs droopin' with bushels o' coons.

in' down with bushels o' coons, clustered same's black bee-swarms!

Ye see, that come of the Big Snow. Whilst hit were fallin' them twelve days and nights, kivverin' the tops o' the timber, the hull coon tribe had tucken from tree to tree, risin' steady with the riz o' the snow-drift—on, tall to taller, till finaciously here hung all Israel of 'em, roostin' aloft on the dod-tallest onliest tree which topped hits tip above the crust—and hit was yan hick'ry!

Lamm!—I banged hits trunk with the flat o' my ax. *Kerflop!* fell the coons, curled up in scrambles, froze stiff. So thar I chained 'em all together with their tail-links, and toggled the last link to the brush of Sister Fox-Bitch, and us aimed to start home.

"Hold, thar, Sol!" thinks I. "Yan hick'ry is the last timber in creation. Whilst ye kin, you'd better take home some peel-bark for to bottom a cheer what'll last ye to sit in till this-yere Big Snow gits thawed away agin."

"Kerrect, Solomon!" says I. And so I done hit.

I felled that hick'ry and bough-trimmed her; and I were jest split-peelin' the last of her bark on the aidge o' the mount'in, when Godfrey Day! suddent that skun pole lost her balanct, and *lippetty* she slided over the aidge, skiddin' for the bottom o' the valley.

I retched one grab for her and nigh toppled over, but I jist cotched myself by the hair of my houn'-fox, and I stood thar gapin' after yan hick'ry pole skiddin' down the crust—slicker than lightnin' on a lard-piggin!

Slick she went down Pine Mount'in and slewed the fork up Black Mount'in. Down she slid Black Mount'in, sluiced the bottom, and balanced up Pine agin. Thar, jist as I retched for to grabble her, back she double-tracked herself on the same slickery trail. And so she teetered—Pine and Black, Black and Pine, downsy-up, upsy-down, see-saw-seein' her thar, tick-tockin' to etarnity like the swing of the Lord's clock-lead.

And all the whiles she war littlin' lesser and lesserer; yit still she was temperin' harder and harder. For, ye see, my rounders, the slide-down het her all-fired hot and smelted her, yit the slow-up froze and chipped her and wored her off.

And so she mought of plumb weared herself to death, like the moon wanin' to her dark, if hadn't ben how the wind suddent shifted south and, jest in the nick, the Big Snow begun to thaw, and me and fox put off home in the flood freshet, jist salvagin' our coon train. So thar in the bottom I saved the last leavin's of that hick'ry, and brung home—this-here leetle pick-tooth!

Yis, Hanky! And this-yer coon-skin cap is the last leavin's of the chain-gang what Sister Fox-Bitch toted home with her tail-bresh.

And her leetle fox-pups? Yis, sir, their ole maw redemptioned 'em; and that butter-churn become to be a kennel for raisin' coon-houn'-foxes the country over.

Haw, but Goshun, childers! Think what-all mought of behappened if I hadn't jist weared them gum-boots that crusty mornin'! What ef ole Sol had slipped over the aidge of Pine Mountain, 'stid o' yan hick'ry pole, and *him* had skidded that slickery ice downsy-up, see-saw-seein', chippin' off and wearin' down like the ole moon-ball!

Yea, at that same gait of gittin' lesser in littlishness, I plumb would have wored away down to a babe agin —and my ole mammy sucklin' me!

That shore would have quit me pickin' my teeth of gospel truth!

OLD GALLY MANDER

(JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE)

ONCE they was on old woman and she was so stingy she wouldn't spend a penny and she lived on ash cakes and water. She had a big long leather sack hanging up in the chimmey with her money in hit. She didn't have any money 'cept gold and silver. So her hired girls got so they pilfered around and tried to find her money. So she sent her son over the ocean to git a girl who wouldn't know anything about her money. So he

went and got her a girl that evenin'. And the girl fixed 'em the supper. So after supper the old woman wanted to go out a visitin'. So the old woman says, "Don't you look up the chimmey." So of course as soon as the old woman was out of the house, the girl went and looked up the chimmey and got to gougin' 'round with her stick and directly the big long leather purse fell down and she looked in hit and seed the silver and gold and she just tuk hit and started out.

Directly she passed old cow. Old cow says, "Oh come, pretty lady, milk my old sore bag."—"I've got no time to fool with your old sore bag. I'm goin' over the ocean." Went on a little way and met an old horse. "Oh come, pretty lady, wash my old sore back."—"I've got no time to wash your old sore back. I'm goin' over the ocean." Went on a little way, met a peach tree all loaded down to the ground with peaches. "Oh come, pretty lady, and pick off some of my peaches and rest my poor tired limbs."—"I've got no time to pick your old peaches. I'm goin' over the ocean."

Old woman come home, seed the girl was gone, looked up the chimney and seed her purse was gone and just tuk out down the road a hollerin': "Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." So she started off down the road at a loop-loopy-te-loop. Met the old

"Oh come, pretty lady, wash my old sore back."

cow. "Old cow, have you saw anything of a girl with a long leather purse?"—"Yes, run, old woman, and you'll soon overtake her."—"Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." Pretty soon met the old horse. "Old horse, have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?"—"Yes, old woman, and you'll soon overtake her."—"Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." Met the peach tree. "Peach tree, have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?"—"Yes, old woman, she's right down there at the side of the ocean."—"Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." And got to the ocean, caught her, flogged her up and pitched her into the ocean.

Old woman tuk her purse, went back home, lives long time by herself. Then sent her son out to hunt her another girl away out where nobody didn't know 'em. So the girl come and the old woman liked 'er very well. After while old woman says, "Now, I'm goin' out to visit, don't you look up the chimney while I'm gone." So when she got out of sight the girl wanted to look up the chimney for curiosity. Got her stick, got to gougin' into hit, and directly the leather purse fell down. Looked inside and it was full of gold and

silver, and she tuk out down the road. Directly she met old cow. "Oh come, pretty lady, and milk my old sore bag."—"I've got no time to milk your old sore bag, I'm goin' across the water." Went on, met the

horse. "Oh come, pretty lady, and wash my old sore back."—"I've got no time to wash your old sore back, I'm goin' across the water." Went on, met the peach tree. "Oh come, pretty lady, pick off some peaches and rest my poor tired limbs."—"I've got no time to pick off your peaches, I'm goin' over the water." So old woman come in, looked up the chimney. "Gally

Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." So she tuk out down the road. Directly she come to old cow and said, "Have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?"—"Yes, old woman, and you'll soon overtake her."—"Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." Directly she met old horse. "Old horse, have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?"—"Yes, run, old woman, and you'll soon overtake her."—"Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." Come to peach tree. "Pretty peach tree, have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?"—"She's right down by the side of the water." So the old woman shuck her and flogged on her and pitched her into the water. Then she tuk her long leather purse and went back home. "I'll stay by myself and eat ash cakes all the days of my life 'fore I'll bother with ary other girl."

But atter a while her son went way off where nobody didn't know 'em and brought her back another girl. Old woman, she jest stayed there and wouldn't go out un visit but atter a while she went out to visit. Says, "Don't you look up that chimney." So the girl tuk her stick and went to the chimney un gouged, un gouged, un directly the purse fell down. She opened

it and it was full of gold and silver, so she grabbed hit up and started. She passed old cow. "Pretty fair maid, come milk my old sore bag." She says, "Yes, I'll milk your old sore bag," and she milked it and bathed it and bathed it. She passed the old sore horse. "Pretty lady, won't you bathe my old sore back?"—"Yes, I'll bathe your old sore back." So she bathed it and bathed it. So she come to the pretty peach tree. "Pretty fair lady, won't you come pick off some of my peaches and rest my poor tired limbs?"—"Yes, I'll pick off some of your peaches." So she picked un picked un picked. Peach tree says, "You climb up here in my limbs. The old woman ul be here in a minute."

Old woman come home, looked up chimney, seed her long leather purse was gone. "Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." She tuk out down the road. "Old cow, have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?"—"Yes, she passed here long, long, long ago and forgot about hit."—"Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." Met old horse. "Old horse, have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?"—"Yes, she passed here long, long ago and forgot about hit."—"Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." Come

to peach tree. "Pretty peach tree, have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?"—"Yes, but she's over the ocean long ago." Old woman, "What'll I do, what'll I do?"—"Go home and eat ash cakes all the days of your life." And that's what she got fer bein' so stingy.

PR 25 1994
JUL 18 1994
MAR 18 1995
MAR 24 1995
APR 26 1995
JUN 28 1998
CT 02 2014

F

3 1434 00242 3121